Hatchling

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Hatchling

by hasarena

Summary

Will wakes up from his long slumber to find Hannibal. In his path to find his way home, he finds out he is not quite human anymore. He went through a change that did not only give him new abilities but also gave him "new" parts.

Will struggles to adjust with all the changes within himself, his role, and his relationship with Hannibal now that he is a hatchling. He remains to be his normal stubborn self and will find out the hard way that he is no longer playing games with mere humans, but real monsters.

Home

One night in the woods of Virginia, a lost Will Graham was trying to find his way home. He remembers waking up from a fevered dream to a fevered reality, like a hatchling breaking its egg and sticking out his head for the first time, looking for the home that offers warmth and safety. When he woke up, there was an immediate need to find his home— not the one where his dogs live in, but the place where he can find *him*. He wore what clothes he could easily grab, took a swig of his favorite whiskey, left the door open for the dogs and he was on his way not unlike a man possessed.

He is now lost, walking in the moonless dark winter woods determined to find what he seeks. The thing with being lost is you can only get yourself lost further or find your way back somewhere familiar. The thing with him is that he needs to become lost in order to find his way home.

It is good indeed that this Graham was getting himself very much lost the more steps he takes towards his home. He walked this path a thousand times before in his empathic dreams. He saw this path shrouded in blood and destruction behind the eyes of the murderers he sought. This path was familiar and dangerous and for years so many people in his life told him that it was wrong and must be avoided. This path is the path of those who are lost and this path is the right path to find what he seeks.

“This is the right path, the beautiful path. Where the terrible one lives. “ He murmurs to himself not unlike a mad man with his breath smelling like cheap whiskey, his heart racing unnaturally fast, and his feet moving with a determination to not stay put and keep going.

Getting lost is easy. You just stop caring and it will suck you in like a sweet moist mouth around his groin. Oh how that sensation warms him more so than the warm liquid in his belly. The memory makes him hard and wet and warm. He remembers those lips that spout lies like a spider spinning silk with words that will trap you in his web. That mouth that could swallow him in and give him pleasure to the point of crumbling his defenses; all his self-doubt and insecurities being washed away with it. His whole being dependent on that damn sinful mouth that is so good at doing what it does—to devour flesh.

He shivered. It is in the path of the lost where he can find his home and at the very heart of it, find him. “This is the right path, the beautiful path. Where the terrible one lives. “

He can’t think clearly. Only fogged up memories that made it even harder to understand with the fog thickening because of his inebriation. My name is Will Graham, I am in the middle of god knows where with no shoes, wearing a shirt and boxers out in winter and it is sometime after dark. That’s about it.

Whiskey dulls the sensation and enables him to keep on walking on this dark crooked path to his journey to being lost. It just makes things suck less. He must admit, however, that the whiskey did not cause his aching need to look for his home. Alcohol cannot be blamed

for his aching muscles, his twitchy hands, his innate desire to find him, smell him, to be with him.

Everyone in his life was trying to keep him from straying from the right path. They want him to stay on the same one everybody else was walking on. For three decades and more he is ruled by self-loathing for how unlike the others he is, how he was lead to believe that his natural state was wrong and he must change just so everybody except him could feel comfortable. So many years of denial and self-loathing.

He was never like them; nobody understood him and they all tried to cow him into submission under the guise of helping him. Nobody ever accepted him for who he was until he met *him*. Hannibal and his frightening handsomeness, his fearless acceptance of who Will innately is, his stupid suits, his demeanor, his strength, his beautiful mind that he just wants to own and claim as his. Everything about that man was so unlike him and yet they are one and the same. And then he found out…

He sighed audibly.

His sense of time was disoriented. How long has it been since he took off from his house and decided to look for him? How long was it since he last saw Hannibal? He knows in his very core that to survive means to be with Hannibal. He knows it. He is indeed a little hatchling following its instinct to find his home, find safety.

His hair is now sticking on his forehead from sweat; his t-shirt is drenched, but a consolation to this is that his feet don't hurt from walking barefoot. There is something different going on inside him. He feels incredibly hot despite him walking outside in the middle of winter. His body is in overdrive trying to cope with what's happening inside him. Twitching and firing unfired synapses as if experiencing a growth spurt from his teenage years all over again. He can tell he is... different.

Was this sudden walk into the dark because of the alcohol? Was it because of his encephalitis again? No, there is something else, something unnatural occurring within him. A change is happening inside him right here, right now. Something happened and he needs to stop walking and concentrate. He thinks it has something to do with the ocean. He can smell it, feel it, taste the cold salty breeze as he falls deeper… No. He is in Virginia right now, a good few hours from the nearest ocean.

Concentrate, Graham.

He wills his feet to stop and it did, surprisingly. For a moment he thought his feet would keep going because it had a mind of its own.

He needs to think clearly. Breathe in, breathe out, think.

Standing still in the dark, under the glittering stars, he knows Hannibal changed him and not only through his mind, but also physically. He can feel his bones aching as if preparing to morph into something else, can feel every pull of his muscles as he move his hands to inspect it. His senses are sharper from before like a predator in hunt and yet he is overwhelmed and found it hard to focus. He let his instincts rule over and that made his feet

move toward this path. He shifts his head from left to right trying to get a feel of all these newly intensified stimuli. And then he felt a sore mark on his neck, then remembers it, the bite.

Hannibal bit him a few hours… no, days ago. He doesn't know when and all he knows was that it happened and somewhat recent… Maybe? He remembered how everything hurts and then he was given something to eat by the... and then... he was bit? He can't quite remember. Whatever he is experiencing must be because of that. He is changing into something that he doesn't know what. He needs to find Hannibal who can offer answers.

Hannibal is not human afterall. He knows this much though what kind of inhuman being he is, he doesn't know. If he were to guess, surely not an angel and probably something closer to a devil, if not the devil himself.

With all of his ability to empathize with people, he found it hard to empathize with him. What he does with him cannot be called empathizing anymore, it is more like opening a door and being sucked in a black void fully controlled by this inhuman being. He gets to wear the other's skin, the infamous person suit and he gets lost in a labyrinth of it. It is not like how he sees murderers work behind a pendulum, he becomes more absorbed and lost when he tries to read the Ripper and more recently, with Hannibal himself. He got too deep and now he is most certain he cannot return.

He remembers warm strong hands enclosing him, holding him tight, how safe he felt how warm and loved. He remembers the smell of home, the warm kiss on his cheeks, the coppery smell of blood, the sticky ocean wind in his hair, the salty taste of the water filling his lungs as he drowned deeper in the ocean's deadly embrace.

While lost in his thoughts, he just noticed a loud rumbling in the distance. An engine. It must be a car. There was a pair of light coming closer and closer to him, an ear-shattering honk assaulting his sensitive ears that made him cover it instead of moving. And then a strong force hit him so hard he felt the bones in his hip and ribs break. The force shook his body, it knocked him off his feet and twisted him midair as he rolls on top of the car. He fell on the cold asphalt rolling with the recoil and then he stopped on his side.

Unmoving.

He felt overwhelmed, pain blossomed all over his body so intense he cannot physically move and yet his other senses were still going in overdrive. He feels nothing and everything. He feels pain everywhere, broken bones, punctured organs, internal bleeding, to the point he feels nothing. He is dying and being reborn at the same time. He feels empty and hungry, oh so hungry as if all the other sensation and pain were not important. He needs to stop this feeling of hunger and then, and then he sees an opportunity to sate his need as he lays unmoving still.

Will heard the car's squeaking breaks, the engine turning off, and can see the blinking taillight from where he lays. A California license plate, a door opening, hurried footsteps; a young man maybe around his early twenties crouches down near him and was asking him if he's alive.

The young man was trying to check for a pulse. He failed to find one or was just dumb enough not to know how and was cursing under his breath. He stood up from his crouch and takes out a cellphone to call for help. He fumbles because he can't unlock his cellphone with his thick gloves on. He then heard a wheezing whisper from the man he hit on the floor and struggled to hear what was being said.

"This is the right path, the beautiful path. Where the terrible one lives, " was Will's inaudible whisper.

Before the young man could call for help, he felt cold claws dig deep on the skin of his back and then he was flung against a tree a few meters away. There was no scream, just the loud crack of bones against the tree and a following thud as the body falls on a bush below.

Good thing the young man died quick when his head hit the trunk of the tree because Will Graham ripped the man's limbs away from his torso, dug his sharp black claws on the man's abdomen and ate the soft organs held within.

Will Graham had his first meal after being reborn.

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Hormones

Chapter Summary

Will gets a little emotional and... some new parts.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

On all fours, he kept devouring the meat in front of him. It tastes fresh and warm and that's all he cares about. Just what he needs. His belly distended from all the soft organs he was eating.

He feels rejuvinated.

His body was warming up in excess to heal and return himself back to normal. He watches as black claws retract back to his fingers and his hands return back to its normal shape.

He dragged a blood soaked finger down his arms, entranced at how the blood smears on his skin, how it shines in the darkness despite the minimal light. He used both his hands to check for any of the broken bones he felt break when he was hit; he checked his ribs, his hipbone, and his legs. There were none. He was fine, so fine that he felt aroused as he touch himself here in the dark, painting his skin with the blood of his victim. He felt this weird sensation in his lower belly. It was arousal yes, but something aching, lacking, and needing to be filled despite his full stomach. Something wet and empty. He then felt his cock harden as he imagines how it will be like if *he* was here, watching him kill knowing that he is aroused and needing to be touched.

He closed his eyes as he slipped his blood soaked hands inside his boxers. He gave his cock a little pump and felt so aroused with the blood lubricating each thrust he makes. It didn't take long for him to come in his hands with Hannibal's name on his lips. He feels so wet.

Will Graham regained a bit of himself after that. He looked at his hands covered in blood and come. He was kneeling over the eviscerated torso of the young man he killed. Arms and legs were torn off, belly a mess of blood and half chewed organs, blood was pooling down on the dirt spreading to where he was now kneeling. He just masturbated on top of it to boot. That was pretty sick.

And Will Graham laughed. A decidedly human laugh escaped from his lips. First a little sound blurt escaping his lips in astonishment and then it was followed with laughter that made his very full stomach ache. Then the tears followed and then he was vomiting the contents of his stomach to the side.

Oh he can't help but think what kind of shit Hannibal did to him this time?

What is he becoming? Sure he's not the epitome of sane to begin with but the claws, the inhuman strength, the taste for raw human flesh? It was like he was given the proper equipment to fully become a monster. Finally what he felt inside matched with what was outside. He just got ran over and killed the guy that did it and ate his internal organs. He probably needs a toothpick to get the man's kidney off his teeth.

Will Graham is in denial and can't even understand how it was possible to do what he did. In times like this, his head supplies him with someone else to help him function –as his head has a plethora of murderers' profiles whose person suit he can use.

He calmed down, stood up from his mess and decided he needs to take care of Mr. Torso. He quickly located the torn limbs of the young man, loaded it up in the car's compartment with the torso and drove a few minutes off road. He then let the car fall in a deep ditch that he's sure will buy him a few days to be discovered if they were actively looking for the man in this area or perhaps never find at all. He considered lighting it up but the fire would only attract attention as opposed to leaving the body and letting the wild animals get rid of the evidence quietly.

Once done, Will continued on walking his path towards his home. Find the man with the answers he seeks, find the place where the terrible one lives.

It would take him a few more hours to even reach Baltimore if he goes back at his walking pace from before. He decided to see just what kind of monster he is. What's he capable of. Still barefoot, he ran. He can feel the muscles in his legs twitch, over exceeding its normal capacity as he was running now in inhuman speed. He tried to jump and it boosted him in the air.

He will be home sooner than he thinks.

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When he arrived in Hannibal's neighborhood, he felt relieved. Finally he is home. It looks different from the last time he was here, really different, but his memory can't be trusted right now. He didn't even know how he knew how to get there because he was following his blind instincts.

Walking for hours from his house in Virginia to Baltimore is not an easy feat even after the extra perks his body can do. He noticed that dogs kept on barking whenever he passes a house. They were growling and angry at him, trying to claw on walls and alert their sleeping masters. They must smell something dangerous in him, which made him miss his dogs. Though humans would be more in danger from him than the animals, he guesses that smelling blood and viscera on a stranger jumping on their roof is not a sign of a friendly. He carefully avoided the street lights and opting for more darker areas to walk.

He saw lights inside Hannibal's house.

Good. He's awake.

He then went up to Hannibal's door and rang the doorbell. He could have just sneaked inside by breaking a window but he knows Hannibal would not appreciate that. It would be rude.

He shouldn't really care about being rude or not because he is showing up on Hannibal's doorstep looking like an extra for a zombie movie. His feet were covered in mud, he's wearing a once white shirt and shorts now brown and sweaty and crackling with dried blood. He undoubtedly smells abysmal too with his curls caked on top of his head and maybe some kidney parts stuck in his teeth that he didn't manage to get out earlier. Maybe Hannibal wouldn't fucking mind much since he's gone all the way here and it's partially his fault anyway.

His heart was pounding in anticipation. He is finally home. He can smell the other man from outside, the smell of warmth and comfort. He can feel the thrumming of energy that he is sure the other feels as well. He gets to smell him, be physically close to him. He will tell him about his kill, how he felt so conflicted but then so free to take another person's life. He will ask his questions and it will be answered, hopefully quickly and without having Hannibal go in his roundabout ways.

The door opened and before Hannibal could say anything, Will punched the doctor in the face using his inhuman strength.

Bastard. Yeah, you deserve that leaving me all alone after fucking doing some werewolf vampire shit on me. Just cause I'm glad to see you means I don't remember all this is your fault.

He is glad to see Hannibal but fuck it, he's blaming all this shit on him.

The punch sent the other man crashing in the foyer and Will Graham invited himself in and closed the door. Before the other could get up, Will was already straddling Hannibal's abdomen and was smearing his filthy blood dried hands on the doctor's crisp white shirt and was kissing him deeply.

Strong warm hands held his hip, giving him the permission to continue. He felt the need to have his mouth occupied like some newly found oral fixation. The sloppy kiss then went down to Hannibal's jawline, down his strong abdomen, and soon Will was nudging the other's clothed erection with his cheeks like a purring cat asking for food. He feels like an infant having this reflexive need to suck and gain nutrition from its mother, in this case, to get nutrition from his maker.

While still kneeling in between the doctor's legs, he looked Hannibal straight in the eyes, daring him to say no.

Say no to me. Try it. Go on. You're going to give me what I want.

There was nothing the good doctor could do as he stared at the half crazed hunger in Will's eyes. It was his first time seeing the other man so deep in hunger that he can't help but be out of breath at how beautiful Will was—caked with blood and all. His primal need showing, evidence of his kill smeared all over his body, his eyes glittering with an animalistic sheen to it. Underneath the superficial smell, he knows Will has been changed. He smells like *her*. It has been forever since he smelled another of his kind. He is exquisite, his one and only Will.

Without a word, Hannibal laid his head back giving Will permission to do as he wants. Will was delighted. He wanted to suck Hannibal so bad. He had been fantasizing about this moment for a while; when he gets to milk the other for his seeds, and gets to taste his essence in his mouth.

Will opened the zipper with his teeth and took the other's hard cock out. He gave it a lick at first, testing to see how the other would react. He then licked at the slit on the head, focusing his strong sucking motion on the tip. The warm pressure of his mouth made the doctor's heart race and moan his name.

"Oh Will," the doctor moaned as his hands continue to guide the bobbing head in between his thighs.

Will then felt hands twist in his hair as he continued sucking with the same forward and back motion for a few minutes. He made it a really wet and sloppy suck with drool pooling down Hannibal's pubic hair. He knows this felt the best. The other's cock slid gracefully in and out of his mouth with all the lubrication needed to fit down his throat. When he felt that Hannibal was about to come, he took the whole thing down his throat balls deep. This made the doctor beneath him shudder as the grip on his hair tightened, making him feel trapped and unable to breathe until he felt the warm spurt of come spill down his throat.

This was what he wanted. To use his mouth and suck Hannibal's cock. To have the other's taste in his mouth, milk to slide down his throat, his come to warm his belly. He felt satisfied and hungry still, but his hunger abated enough that he might just have enough patience to listen to what the other man has to say. He pulled the spent cock out of his mouth, gave it a few furtive licks to make sure he cleaned it all up and then put it back in Hannibal's pants as if nothing happened.

He now sits on the floor waiting for Hannibal like an obedient dog with big innocent eyes wagging his tail after getting what he wanted.

"My dear, beautiful Will. How are you feeling?" the doctor said as he tried to sit up. There was genuine joy in his eyes that made Will's heart skip. Hannibal opened his arms to welcome the other and Will went willingly to the embrace as if melting. He then suddenly remembered how he punched Hannibal and was soon licking the bruise beginning to start on the other's cheek. The act seemed so alien to him –he's not a dog—and yet it felt right to do so as an apology.

"Hannibal, you have a lot of explaining to do," he whispered in a hoarse voice as if he had not used it for years.

“Yes, of course. But before that, I’m afraid that we have kept our guests waiting for far too long. I don’t want to be a rude host.”

Will scrunched his face.

As he said that, Will bounded out from the embrace and tried to be more aware of his surroundings. The first thing he smelled aside from Hannibal’s overwhelming homely smell was dinner being cooked, and then he smelled fear, tangy fear from two humans in the dining area. He did not see other cars outside indicating that Hannibal have guests over – who will be missed. He gave Hannibal a questioning look somewhat knowing that these guests were for him.

“They are indeed for you. You have been recuperating for quite some time inside your little cocoon. I felt we needed something special to celebrate our reunion tonight.” Will was giving him a look and he continued, “Ah, but then, I fear you may have ruined your appetite already.”

“I don’t want them. I’m in no mood for them after what happened in the road. I have so many questions, Hannibal. I want them answered.” He knows Hannibal will be an annoying fuck and won’t give him any straight answers.

“Patience, my dear. Come and follow me. We shall feast tonight. I would normally want you to be presentable for dinner but seeing their fate would be similar to the person whose blood coats your shirt, I can make an exception this time.”

Will followed the doctor to the dining room in his annoyance. He feels really short-tempered — well, more than usual. He wanted Hannibal to be answering questions right now and not be dragged to attend a full on dinner party.

He grimaced as he walked behind Hannibal. Being inside this house makes him feel safe and at least eased a little bit of his annoyance. He was so familiar with the layout of this house he missed it after… No, something happened here. He should not be in this house. Something important happened that made all of this impossible. This house should not even be here let alone have Hannibal living in here.

When he got to the dining area, two unfamiliar faces greeted him.

“Meet our lazy grocery clerk, Stanley, and Marsha, a very rude college student. Take your pick they are quite fresh.” The two strapped in the dining chair were bound tightly with ropes and gagged with what seemed like small apples.

“I don’t want them. Hannibal listen to me, what did you do to me?”

Hannibal was putting on an apron, trying to brush off the dried blood marks he put on his white shirt. He was being ignored and Hannibal was getting into his cooking game on again. Something about him being ignored just pissed him off so much. He doesn’t want to play *kitchen* right now.

“Hannibal, look at me. I WANT ANSWERS!” He hit the mahogany table with both his hands and ruined the setting on the table. Some of the plates fell on the floor and made a loud noise. The two guests on the table got startled awake in their drug-induced stupor and were crying in fear.

“I thought you would be hungry when you arrive and would want something fresh to eat but it seems you have had your fill already. Dessert perhaps?”

“NO! I am not hungry. I don’t want dessert. I just REALLY want answers Hannibal. I don’t want to play along with your games right now.” Will did a little dismissed wave pointing to the table, which made Hannibal tilt his head half in amusement and half insulted.

“What did you do to me? I just pulled the limbs out of another human with clawed hands! I ate his organs like salsa and fucking vomited it after. I feel so angry and frustrated and confused. I just killed someone! I feel like shit and I—” tears started to fall down his cheeks and then he used his hands to cover his eyes.

He took a deep breath and in a tired voice continued, “I don’t know what to do, how to feel. And you were ignoring me. I don’t know who I am anymore or why I’m even… crying. This is stupid.” Will hugged his own arms and slumped on the floor.

He just can’t handle all of this right now. He feels too… emotional. This is not normal for him.

Hannibal’s eyes softened when he saw Will break down. Angry outbursts were something he expected from the profiler, yes, but not breaking down and crying. This is something new, most probably caused by the hormonal changes going on inside him. Will woke up alone and hungry with a head full of questions, with a body changing faster than he can remember his memories. He only wanted the perfect evening for Will but it seems he was too preoccupied with his preparation for tonight that he neglected to notice how the other feels.

Hannibal crouched down beside Will and took him into his arms. He hushed the sobbing man with soft strokes on his matted hair. “I apologize Will. You have the right to feel upset. You will get your answers. You just need to rest first. I did not want to overwhelm you tonight and wanted to give you something of a familiar and warm welcome first. ”

Will buried his face in the crook of Hannibal’s neck and just cried. He let his tears and frustrations flow out. He was holding back his emotions all night, trying to be strong, wanting to make it home. He just needed Hannibal right now.

“Come, let’s get you cleaned up first.”

Hannibal helped Will get up and escorted him to the master bathroom upstairs. He opened the shower and pushed Will under the spray, still fully clothed. The water going down the drain turned a murky brown as dirt and dried blood got washed away.

As much as he wants Hannibal near him, Will let go of Hannibal’s hand and said, “I’m fine now. I’m sorry for the outburst I just didn’t… it just all came out. I’m ok. I can at

least bathe and dress myself."

Understanding Will's need for some privacy, he left him alone but with the door left open. He took out some clothes for Will and laid it on the bed. He knows it might take Will a while to take a bath and went downstairs to clean up the dining area. His beautiful boy will undoubtedly be hungry again. He carefully sedated their two guests and wheeled them back to the basement. He'll require plenty of food while adjusting to the changes. He may need to start feeding him with liquids first, blood perhaps and his come, and then soft organs first before they can start with harder meat. Will is afterall like a new cub, confused with all the things happening to him and requires plenty of guidance. That was the first thing Hannibal thought after Will punched him and was begging to suck him off wanting nourishment from him, like a little cub wanting milk and comfort.

The bathroom started to fog up despite the door being open. Will enjoyed the hot water flowing down his body. He took off the dirty clothes he was wearing first. It was way beyond salvation and needs to be thrown away. The hot spray of the shower felt good and relaxing. He feels more human now that the blood, dirt, and sweat was off his skin. It gives him comfort that the shampoo and soap he's using smells like Hannibal.

He scrubbed his arms, his back, his legs, quite fascinated after all he has been through this evening that he did not get a new injury. Perks of being a monster. He was quite used to being injured and hurt.

He remembered the ocean again, drowning, strong black arms around him, pulling him to shore; antlers, a magnificent stack and dripping wet. He knows he was dying. His face was bleeding and his vision was blurry and talking was hard cause he can't move his cheek. His lungs were filled with water. They just killed a dragon and bathed in his blood. It made them feel powerful. They were together finally and then he felt guilt…

He snapped out from memories as he felt the warm water getting cooler against his skin. He tried to finish lathering the soap to the rest of his body. He cleaned his cock and went behind his balls and then he stopped. His hand sunk into a warm soft opening. It felt good like nudging on the source of his emptiness.

His eyes went wide as he felt the beginnings of arousal, familiar but very different from how his arousal starts when his cock gets hard. He felt the beginning of something moist and sticky leaking from him. It was very different from the water falling from the shower, this was something stickier accompanied by this warm creeping sensation crawling up his lower region. If he presses a little harder he could feel it spread and has this very strong potential to... burst. His mouth formed a silent O. His own cock stirring as he kept fingering himself a light brush at first and then…

His eyes widened and quickly rinsed the soap from his body. He has a vagina.

What the actual FUCK!

What else could it be? It's not as if he has never seen or touched one before. He has his fair share of sexual partners that is not a manipulative cannibalistic inhuman being. He

was married once to a woman. He knows one when he sees one. But damn, he never imagined how it felt to have one.

Just up to what extent has he been changed?

He toweled dry, grabbed the robe hanging by the hook and wore it quickly. He wiped the fogged up mirror and opened the robe without looking. He doesn't want to look, afraid he will see a monster looking back at him. He very well knows he didn't have horns or fangs or hooves—at least not yet but discovering he has new female parts made him scared. More scared than when he saw huge black claws protrude from his fingers earlier that night. He faced the mirror and opened his eyes slowly.

He looked at the mirror and a stranger, no, a younger him was looking back at him. He did not have a beard, just smooth young looking skin. He looked down and it was the same for his pubic hair, soft and light dusting only below his navel.

Fuck, he looks like a minor, again.

In fact, he remembers distinctly being in his twenties and still looking like a fucking minor. That was the whole reason why he didn't want to shave his beard after finally growing it. His jaws were smoother just like when he was in the police force and struggling to look older to be taken seriously. His eyes a little sunken but big blue eyes came to stare back. With his curls hanging longer than he liked on his head, he looked boyish, pretty but still looks like a boy. He rolled his shoulder, the one with the gunshot wound, and the crack was not there. It was healed. His body was also showing the faintest scars. His once scarred body after years of being shot and stabbed – yes, courtesy of Hannibal— was now barely showing. The scars on his abdomen, his shoulder, his head… his cheeks were gone.

Oh yes now he remembers he got stabbed on the cheeks. The fall in the pacific, almost dying, Hannibal trying to save him. He should have a scar on his face after getting stabbed by the Dragon but it was not there. He's supposed to get a nasty one that would have most definitely scarred ugly and ridged.

Just what did Hannibal do to him?

"HANNIBAL!" he called urgently knowing full well the other will come running to him.

Hannibal was cleaning the oven when he dropped everything and ran up to his bedroom. He heard Will scream and thought something terrible happened. When he got to the open bathroom door, his mouth fell open seeing Will standing almost naked with his open robe hanging on one shoulder. Will's eyes were big and in shock. Hannibal can't help but think that he is the most beautiful creature he has ever seen. He felt his heart constrict knowing that *he* is his. His then, already beautiful boy went through his change magnificently.

He stared at the unmarred skin, the smooth boyish face, the wet curls down his hair. He could not have imagined that the change would be this much. He was only hoping for Will to be alive and well but could never have imagined he will turn into this stunning

creature standing in front of him. All his love for aesthetic and beauty and intelligence culminated in one form and mind. He knows right now that he can't deny anything that Will wishes.

Will came closer to Hannibal who was openly staring at him like he's a ghost. He grabbed Hannibal's warm hand and guided his fingers to the wet slit between his legs "Can you please explain this?"

"Will," was all Hannibal managed to say and yet it contained all his love and devotion. He said this as his fingers sunk deeper in the soft warm slit.

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Chapter End Notes

Will got a vagina!
And I promise his questions will be answered next chapter.

Answers

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal closed his eyes and let his fingers sink deeper inside. Will was now sporting a full body flush while holding his wrist with both hands, not to swat away, but to guide deeper inside himself.

"Nnn… Hannibal. You know, this was not the reason why I called you," he said breathily as he felt Hannibal's thick, warm, callused fingers sink deeper. His head fell back as he used Hannibal's fingers like a warm massager.

Shit. He feels like Hannibal's hand could reach inside his very being and fan this low burning fire inside him to a full-blown wild fire.

"Really? I believe this was exactly what *you* wanted. I don't want you to feel neglected or ignored again. We don't want that, do we?" The doctor whispered seductively, his accent making each word sound more lewd than it was.

He moved to stand behind Will, with one arm snaked down across the younger man's front to finger him while another was tightly wound on brown curls, pulling it tight until his head was bent and rests on the doctor's shoulders. His own stirring cock was rubbing against Will's ass.

This rough treatment made the younger man aroused. He can tell that just being held really tightly relaxes Will.

Hannibal smiled against brown curls as he felt his partner's full body weight against his. He thought of this possibility before, but did not think it would ever happen.

He was content knowing Will was healthy and reunited with him again. Ah but this unexpected surprise— the wet slit he was fingering—got Hannibal, got him good and he was trying his best not to overwhelm the other in his happiness. It was a delight to get to smell another wendigo after all these years, but to know that Will changed and now offers so much possibility for both of them. He had to close his eyes and breathe Will in to believe it.

Fertile.

He spent hundreds of years alone, hiding behind human masks while lamenting his sister's death. Mischa's heart was all he could save when she died so he used his magic to preserve it, willing that one day he would be able to undo the broken teacup; to make it whole again, to make her live again, and end his long lasting loneliness.

He would never have thought that the solution to his problem was not to bring back the past, but to invest in the future. He did just that when he let go of his desire to bring back

what was long ago taken from him and to instead give Will Graham a future by saving his life.

Now, Will was changed and is perfect in every way.

“Hannibal— I think you... should stop now. ” He didn’t really mean this but Will’s head was turning into mush. He can’t think with Hannibal’s fingers in between his legs and he should really be angry and asking important questions like why he has a vagina right now.

“I believe you asked me to *explain this*,” he spread his fingers inside Will as emphasis. “As a doctor, I believe I am capable of *explaining this* accurately if I give you a very *thorough* and in-depth *inspection*,” he said as he nosed the hair behind the younger man’s ear, smelling him again.

Should he play along, should he not play along? Oh but it feels good. “Nnnn… Really doctor? Will you do that for me?” He said innocently—or as innocent as a man who ripped the limbs off a body with his bare hands can be.

“Yes, anything for you my dear. I want you to sit on the edge of the bed and use your hands to spread your thighs wide. ”

Will sat on the bed indeed but he used his legs to hook behind Hannibal’s lower back to make him come closer. He then pulled Hannibal to sit on the bed with him, crawled on top and straddled his lap so they are facing each other. In this position, he can feel Hannibal’s erection against his own.

Too bad he decided he wouldn’t be playing along afterall. Just like that, his arousal was forgotten. If his cock was the one being fondled earlier, it would have hurt to stop. With his vagina, he is still kinda wet and yet there’s no urgent need to come right now.

He stared at Hannibal’s handsome face, studying him. Signs of aging were there but he looks refined and regal in every way, still very handsome. One look and you know this man should be respected, and if you were smart you would know he should be feared and avoided. He stared at Hannibal’s blood brown colored eyes, trying to decipher what’s going on inside the manipulative cannibal monster’s head.

Hmmm.

Hannibal was distracting him so he would do what he wants without having to make him. He has this way of manipulating you where he will make you think it was your idea. Will can read this bastard better now. Hannibal is happy with himself for turning him into this, this half-monster half-human with a vagina creature and can’t wait to inspect what he has done so he can pat himself in the back.

He caught both of Hannibal’s wrists and crossed it behind the doctor’s back as if tying him up like a prisoner.

“Let’s play doctor later. How about we play good cop bad cop instead. You’re the prisoner and you answer my questions.”

He’s tired of being the little experiment that needs to be studied in a lab or a hospital. Wind him up and see where he goes, eh? No more of that. Hannibal is an inhuman monster, yeah, but still a doctor through and through with how he likes to study things because of his professional curiosity.

Caught in between Will’s warmth, his serious blue eyes, and the unique scent that is distinctly his and Mischa’s combined, how can the doctor refuse? The inspection can wait.

“Very well, if you want to do this tonight. I will answer your questions but I need to know what you remember first. Perhaps we can start with when we first met because those are events that I can verify.”

Will frowned. He’s beginning to think this will turn into one of their sessions again. Particularly the ones with half his brain inflamed with an infection and he couldn’t make sense of time. Trying to recall the past gave Will a sour feeling.

“I remember that. I remember you picking my brain, winding me up like your little experiment, you fooling all of us, feeding us human meat. I remember the encephalitis, you framing me, you killing Abigail, you gutting me, you running away with— ugh Bedelia. I sailed my boat to look for you in Italy, the Vergers, you opening my brain or at least sending someone else to kill me multiple times, and lots of dead bodies. It might not be in order but I remember all those.” Will started with his voice empty as if memorizing from a list and by the end his tone was full of disgust and pain.

Hannibal looked back at him, trying for a blank face but there was an edge to it.

“You do remember quite a lot. It is better than I expected. Those memories made us come together and I hope you realize that the pain we inflicted on each other goes both ways. It was indeed my fault for betraying you first but you did your fair share of deception. I tried to give you a rare gift but did not want it. I hope you know I missed you terribly in Europe and was trying to fill the void with miserable replacements. And then in the catacombs of Italy I saw you again... “

Will didn’t say anything and Hannibal continued, “Do you also remember when I gave up because you did not want me anymore? You did not want to know where I was, what I’m doing or even think about me? You marrying a woman to forget about me and then approaching me a few years later to ask for my help to catch the Dragon?”

With a quiet voice, he sighed and leaned his forehead on Hannibal’s. What’s with the uncharacteristic honesty? He was not prepared for this. Fuck, this turned into a group therapy and not a patient doctor one. ” Yes, I remember all those too but not the ones where you missed me and how much I hurt you when I said I didn’t want to think about you anymore. I want to tell you that I was lying. I always thought about you, I was trying to forget you but I never did. I did want to run away with you but I just couldn’t back then.“

“I am telling you now, Will. I missed you everyday you were not with me. I still did up until today when I saw you on my doorstep. I want this to be a new beginning for us. ”

Will kissed Hannibal on the lips. A quick peck as if asking for forgiveness and Hannibal did the same.

“I do remember you giving me a blow job when we were waiting for the Dragon, ” Will’s eyebrows rising to lighten the mood.

“You tasted amazing. I remember all the years eating the horrible hospital food they serve and the entire wait was worth it when I got to taste you. I take it you remember the events surrounding the Dragon, then?” Hannibal was caressing Will’s cheeks with his open palm with eyes full of fondness.

“I just recently remembered that. You getting shot, my face getting stabbed, us… killing him, you saying it was beautiful and then the fall… I pushed us off the cliff into the ocean. It was my fault. “ He doesn’t regret it though. He just doesn’t. It was the final thing he could do as Will Graham to stop himself from being with Hannibal. Perhaps even the last sane thing he will ever do because he knows he will not be parted with Hannibal again.

“It is all water under the bridge now. Do you remember anything after that?”

“Just bits and pieces, mostly of the ocean and drowning, seeing you in your… other form, lots of pain and then I think I was dying."

He felt strong arms encircle him and then felt the weight of the doctor’s head leaning on his shoulder.

“Will, you did. Your heart stopped. I had to give you a new heart.” He held the younger man tighter in his arms.

Will did not know what to say. He can feel the longing and pain that Hannibal went through. He just leaned his head on Hannibal’s and listened to their hearts beating.

“I did what I can to keep you alive. I gave you my blood and my flesh to keep your heart beating for the first few hours but by the time I got us to a safer place, your heart stopped beating. I was willing to give anything to make your heart beat again. I do not think I am capable of living the life of loneliness again after getting to finally be with you. I tried to preserve your body as best as I can with my powers, then I gave you a new heart, a stronger one that changed your body and made you just like me. ”

“Do you… always have spare hearts like that? What, you got it from the fridge?” Probably not the right time for this but he can’t help it. At least it made Hannibal’s lips twitch upwards somewhat resembling a smile.

“No, Will. It was my sister’s heart, Mischa’s. She was a wendigo just like me and now, you too. She was murdered when we were young and I preserved her heart hoping I could bring her back someday. And in a way I succeeded because she did come back… in you.”

Hannibal’s hand caressed down his neck and then stopped on his heart. Will then put his hands on top of his. “What happened after you gave me her heart? I thought I was dead. ”

“It was not easy. I cannot explain how I did it because it is not something procedural like a human heart transplant. When I successfully transferred her heart into you and it was beating, you were not there, your essence was not awake and it was slowly dissipating away. You were in a coma for weeks and the longer I wait, I knew the harder it will be for you to retain yourself your soul. I had to tie your soul to your body and the only way I could do that was to devour your soul. If I own it, then I could make it stay.”

“Of course you devoured my soul. I knew there had to be a catch.”

“It was the only way. Your body had to adjust to the new heart. I left you recuperating in a cocoon inside a safe space where you could heal in peace. The hard part was not knowing if you will ever wake up.”

He can see pain in the doctor’s eyes. He meant what he said. “How long was I in there?”

“About 3 years and 8 months.”

“WHAT?”

“It was only yesterday when I felt a tug of your soul signaling me that you were about to wake up. I did not know what your mental state would be or if you would be you after dying, being in a coma and going through the change. And then you came knocking on my door covered in blood and mud and talking like your usual self. I was too ecstatic to see you again.

“Three years?”

“You have been sleeping there for three years and eight months, so almost four years. The FBI thinks we are dead and I made sure all my kills since then cannot be connected back to us or the Chesapeake Ripper.”

“Four years?”

“Yes Will, I have been waiting for you for that long.“

It won’t sink in. He can’t understand how it was possible and there he was earlier saying he can just about take whatever Hannibal would tell him in stride. He climbed off Hannibal and sat beside him on the bed, robe closed and tightly wound around him.

The idea of losing time scares him. The last time he lost time he woke up with Abigail’s ear down his throat and was blamed for being a serial killer. This time he looked 10 years younger, with retractable claws, a hunger for human flesh, and a newly installed vagina.

Great.

“I don’t understand. Ok, so I’ve been sleeping for about 4 years and so… how are we even in Baltimore? I had a weird feeling earlier when I entered this house. Surely they’re not stupid enough to sell the infamous Dr. Hannibal Lecter’s house and all its contents to someone that looks exactly like Hannibal Lecter, right? It’s not as if you’re opening a horror

museum where they have the tour guides look like the previous owner of the haunted house. “

“We’re not in Baltimore anymore, Will. We’re in California. We are in my abode; something like a magical space created for creatures like us to live in. Some have woods and forests for theirs, depending on their kind and their needs. I chose mine to be a wing from our old house in Lithuania. Yours as you have seen when you woke up resembles your house in Wolftrap. I set it up in a rural area in the woods a few hours from here so you could rest in a familiar environment.“

“Magic?”

“Yes."

“So you have a magic house and you gave me one too and what exactly is in the FBI’s evidence storage, that I know exists, labeled Hannibal Lecter’s personal belongings that was collected from your house in Baltimore? Are fairies real too and trolls and fairy god mothers and… Ah wait, you know don’t answer that. I’m tired. I have a headache.”

Hannibal put his arms around him in a half hug and made him lean his head on the doctor’s shoulder. “That is why I was insisting you eat or at least rest first before we have this discussion. And besides, I believe we were playing, good cop bad cop and I am the prisoner who deserves a reward after answering all your questions.”

A thought crossed in Will’s mind and decided he needs to retreat.

Will stood up and kissed Hannibal on both his cheeks. “Your reward is freedom. You are free to go and I will not detain you in my prison any longer. ” He stood up, grabbed the iPad on Hannibal’s nightstand that he saw earlier and was heading for the door.

“I will borrow this, okay.”

“Where are you going?”

“To your magical guest bedroom. It’s still across the hall, right? I wont fall in some bottomless trap door with lava or something? I just need some time to think alone and… ruminate things. I also have a few years worth of news to read, hence the iPad. ”

Hannibal looked heartbroken despite the lack of expression on his face. Will back pedaled and gave the doctor a wet sloppy kiss on the mouth and whispered,” Cheer up. I’m still here, just next-door reading Tattle Crime for entertainment and news to make me sleepy. I need to catch up with the world. I won’t leave. Oh, and where’s your iPad charger?”

The doctor pointed to the side of the bed.

“Thanks.” He held Hannibal’s head with his two hands and kissed again. "Your password?"

" 0000"

He gave him another kiss. “Just give me a few days alone. Please don’t look like that. ”

“I will wait for you. However long it takes.”

“Oh stop being dramatic Hannibal. You know I am in this for the long haul. You survived 4 years sleeping alone; you will survive a few days more most especially I’m just next-door. ”

Hannibal nodded.

Will went out the master bedroom, and opened the door down the hall. He closed the door and didn’t bother to lock it since if this was Hannibal’s magical house he could probably magically open doors too.

He then went straight to the bathroom mirror, putting one leg on top of the sink's marble countertop. He’s determined to at least figure out what he has down there before Hannibal. Now that an unknown factor—magic— is involved and he has a vagina, he’s afraid of what will happen to him if he… sleeps with Hannibal now that they are the same species? Does that make sense?

He then opened the iPad’s camera, angled it inbetween his legs and and checked the soft warm slit in between his balls and anus more carefully.

Oh shit. He’s a virgin.

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Chapter End Notes

Can't blame Will for being cautious.

Ruminate

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Ruminating.

That's what he said he will be doing in the guest bedroom but Hannibal doubts that and it's more like he's hiding away. Hannibal has not seen a shadow of Will for three days and this made him realize he is not such a patient person after all. He does not come down to eat when he calls, and tells him behind closed doors that he is not hungry or not in the mood. All he could do was to leave a tray of food by Will's door, but it was always untouched when he comes back.

He respects the space Will requested of him the night he came back but there was this constant nagging sensation inside him telling him to bust open the door and make Will accept the reality of their situation right there and then without locking himself in a room and ruminating until who knows when.

Of course it also doesn't help that the lingering smell of Will in the house and in his bedroom were also doing things to him that he dare not try in real life right now in fear of breaking this fragile and yet unnamed relationship of theirs.

His desires were leaking in his dreams where he takes the younger man by force as he struggles and put up a fight beneath him. His wendigo takes over him and he ruts against Will in abandonment as the younger man moans and claws on the bed, begging him with tears in his eyes to be impregnated. The cunt was sopping wet and eagerly accepts his wendigo cock with a wet slush every time he thrusts forward. This then leads to lack of sleep and furious masturbation in the middle of the night under the cold spray of the shower.

These dreams made him leave the other alone during the day in hopes that Will will come to terms with their current situation on his own without him forcing his hand. He

manipulated Will too many times in the past and he can tell the younger man is wary of his intentions.

One good thing that he is sure of was that Will will not leave him and he is truly sticking with Hannibal for the long haul. They *will* become mates.

Perhaps in his joy seeing Will alive again after all these years; getting drunk on his smell, his kisses, his warmth, his brilliant mind, and his sardonic comments, he forgot the fact that Will is a brand new wendigo. Like any newly born creature, a wendigo hatchling needs guidance and in this case, strong discipline in order to control their savage nature.

Will used to live a life of isolation and loneliness before and he has not quite accepted that there will be another person in his life that he will be sharing space with. He tries to ignore his physical changes perhaps in futile hope that it will go away. He did not yet have the sense to ask Hannibal for help and instead tries to tackle changes by ignoring said changes and *ruminating* on unimportant things he could not control like lost time and the existence of magic.

Stubborn is what Will is and arrogant when it comes to his independence. Those were necessary traits that he relied on as a human but not effective as a young wendigo, not if you want to co-exist in human society and be a being in control of your beast.

Hannibal did have years to adjust and plan ahead that the younger man was not able to experience. He figured the few days Will requested were reasonable. But he should have not agreed to it. Will does not even know how to control his wendigo or know the upcoming urges he will experience. The boy doesn't even know exactly what he is and puts it in a category inside his head under his catch-all term *monster*.

He really should not have left Will alone the first 3 days because on the night of the third day, he found Will half starved and wild in the basement over the two bodies of their 'guests'. Good thing there were live food in the house if not, he thinks Will would have ventured to the neighbors to eat their organs in blind hunger.

He woke up that night sensing Will was distraught. When he came down following Will's scent to the basement, blood was pooling on the tiled floor, viscera was thrown haphazardly around, half bitten legs and arms were in a pile, and Will was in the corner vomiting the hastily eaten flesh.

He noticed that Will could only do a half shift into his wendigo form. Only his hands and his feet were changed into feathered ebony skin. Half shifts were harder to control than full ones for younglings like Will. The brain is caught in the middle of two forms and does not know if it is human or wendigo.

Hannibal came closer to Will and called his name, trying to make the younger man snap out of it. The younger man did not respond to the name but rather responded to a stranger disturbing his meal.

Will stopped vomiting and looked back at him with crazed yellow eyes. He was covered in blood all over his mouth, neck and legs. He snarled at the doctor as a warning. At

this point Will's consciousness was asleep and only his wendigo was awake. Just his pure uncontrolled animal on loose.

Such a young innocent thing not knowing just who he's snarling at.

Hannibal smiled.

Will lunged at Hannibal to attack him with his claws. He was moving sloppily with the coordination of a hatchling slipping on blood and was easy to evade. Hannibal caught him from behind to avoid the claws, grabbed his hands by securing them together by the wrists in front of his body and then bit his neck. The same side where he bit Will before.

Will resisted, screeched an animalistic sound and finally he calmed down, limp in Hannibal's hold. He then released the bite.

They stayed like that for a few minutes until Will's arms and legs came back to normal. Hannibal loosened his hold on Will and was met with teary pleading eyes, like a little boy that just got scolded after doing something bad.

"Hungry. Please," Will said as he burrowed his head to smell Hannibal's neck.

Hannibal knew this would happen. Will should not have tried eating raw flesh so soon. Hatchlings can only consume raw liquids first and then they get weaned to soft organs and then to more solid meat. If Will was not so impatient, he could also have prepared it instead and avoided all this mess. Even after all this, he could not get mad at the boy hugging his neck and asking to be fed.

While still holding Will, Hannibal bared his wrists and broke skin using his nails. He then offered it to Will's who met it with famished eyes. Will grabbed his wrist and sucked the open wound like a baby. He moans as he continued sucking, occasionally lapping on the dripping blood. When he was done, he just snuggled closer to Hannibal in contentment.

"I am disappointed you have let yourself come to this and did not come to me sooner. "

"I just… lost control. I was so hungry. "

"I want you to promise me that you will come to me first instead of hiding inside the room on your own. I know you don't fully trust me but know this, I won't let your beast consume you. I won't let you die."

With a muffled snort, he replied, "But it's ok to hurt me?"

"I don't promise what I cannot keep. I already bit you to keep you in line and I might be forced to do more if you refuse to listen to me in the future. Stay close to me, Will. I need to know what's going on for me to help you."

"Ok. I was just… I was thinking too much."

“You have me now. Share the burden with me, tell me what you’re thinking, how you’re feeling.”

With a weak voice, Will said, “I’m… I’m still hungry.”

The doctor patted Will’s head and said sternly, “Of course you are. You vomited whatever meager meat you managed to swallow. Your digestive system is still adjusting to your new diet. It can’t keep up with all the raw food you were eating. We need to start you off with liquids. Go to *our* room, take a bath, and wait for me on the bed. I will bring you more food. ”

Will nodded looking weary and still out of it.

“William, answer me. ”

“Yes.”

///

Will feels so tired.

He just finished taking a quick shower to wash off the blood and was sitting naked on Hannibal’s bed. The whole room smells like Hannibal, the bed, the pillow, and the sheets. He laid on the pillow, went under the sheets, and inhaled deeply.

The mist in his mind that was present when he woke up in his house in… Not-Wolftrap was still there, shrouding his mind once again.

When he retreated to the guest bedroom a few days ago, he felt fine for the first few hours as he browsed through a few years worth of news. He slept majority of the next day while refusing food from Hannibal from behind the door.

The second day, he felt like shit with his lower stomach twisting on him and his back hurting as if he was doing some heavy lifting. That night, he could not sleep well because he was dreaming of being… taken by Hannibal by force. He was screaming no, and trying to claw at the black wendigo looming behind him with the magnificent stack of antlers and ebony feathers and fur. He couldn’t do anything. He was deliciously trapped. He wanted to be taken by force, to be rid of responsibility and blame and just be used for really rough sex. The kind that leaves bruises and scratches on your skin and could make him come from both his cock and his cunt.

He can feel the heavy weight behind him and the soft texture of fur on his back, ramming his cunt with a large and hard wendigo cock. He was thrashing on the bed, his cock rubbing between his stomach and the sheets while his other hole was making the dirtiest sloshing sound as he gets pounded again and again. He could hear the room being filled with the loud smack of flesh on flesh and the angry inhuman grunts of the wendigo behind him.

By the end of the dream, he was screaming for Hannibal to come inside him and release his seeds in him. Hannibal did, as his black-clawed hands held his neck to strangle him, making him unable to breathe and could do nothing but thrash aimlessly and squeeze the cock in between his legs for more come.

He could not sleep after that because he was so horny.

His boxers were wet with come from both his cunt and his spent cock. He wanted to take a bath but realized somewhere in the house Hannibal was taking a bath too… in the middle of the night. He could hear the shower from the room across the hall.

He thinks he heard grunts or maybe it was just his imagination. Whatever it was, it successfully made Will wet and horny again. His cock was spent but his cunt could take more –wants more… something bigger than his fingers to fill him up.

By the third day, Will was horny, and hungry, and tired from lack of sleep. He can't think or read and he was just a bottomless pit of want. He felt ashamed of his confidence the night Hannibal answered his questions.

He didn't know he needs so many things from Hanniba. It was so embarrassing to feel so helpless after thinking he could be independent. He feels like an infant. He wants food, attention, he wants to be coddled, loved, he wants to feel secure and warm in Hannibal's arms, he wants to smell him, lick him, suck him off like an infant needing milk.

Whose stupid idea was it to go to the stupid guest bedroom? Why did he feel the need to retreat and hide from Hannibal? He could be with Hannibal right now and be fucked senseless just like in his dream. If he could just waste away in this room, everything will feel so much better. Hannibal would be better off without him. He doesn't feel like he can handle all the new expectations of him. Not with him feeling so famished.

He's so hungry. So hungry his stomach was twisting again.

Maybe he can get some food downstairs. Hannibal usually has leftovers in his fridge.

Next thing he knows he was covered in blood and munching on an arm. Then Hannibal was there again, holding him close and feeding him his blood.

All he really need is Hannibal.

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Chapter End Notes

The chapter was getting too long so I chopped it. Will gets laid next chapter.

Daddy

Chapter Summary

Shameless Daddy Kink ahead.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal came in the room holding a glass bottle full of blood. It also has something… *extra* in it. He just tidied up Will's mess in the basement and was able to collect a few bottles of fresh blood from the butchered corpses. It hasn't been more than 30 minutes but when he got to his room, Will was already fast asleep under the covers looking peaceful like a baby.

He's still not used seeing Will clean shaven and looking this young. Without his beard, it took off 10 years from his age. With his pretty face and healthy looking skin, take out additional 5 years, perhaps more. His Will is so beautiful. He's willing to give just about anything the boy wants, anything at all even if he wants to claw his heart out and eat it up.

He can just stare at his sleeping face all night, ah but the boy needs to eat. He sat on the edge nearest Will and caressed the smooth soft cheeks to wake him up.

"Will, my beautiful baby boy. Wake up."

Long lashes fluttered open and a pair of sleepy blue eyes looked up at him. Hannibal was still caressing his cheeks.

"I have your bottle for you." He handed the open bottle to Will and then added a straw.

Will scrunched his face, the typical face he makes when he doesn't like something Hannibal said. Before Will could open his mouth and undoubtedly spill his unique brand of sarcasm, Hannibal hushed him and told him to drink.

Will rolled his eyes and complied.

Will was slurping at the straw. He was so hungry. It's not as good as Hannibal's blood but it's a great alternative. The doctor beside him was looking at him, staring at him as if watching porn and the weird thing is, he doesn't care. He closed his eyes and was sucking obscenely hard while making noises of contentment.

When he finished the bottle and opened his eyes, Hannibal was looking at him full of lust as if he wants to… to force himself on him. Like in his dreams.

The soft black fur behind him, the hard grip on his hips and the hard wendigo cock ramming him again and again inside his wet cunt.

His cock stirred and he closed his eyes quickly to will it away.

He must have showed a different expression on his face because Hannibal looked worried when he opened his eyes. The doctor took the empty bottle from Will and placed it on the nightstand. He then went to his side of the bed, turned off the lights and went under the covers to spoon him from behind.

Will felt full, sated, and safe inside Hannibal's embrace. He was getting drowsy and his eyes were becoming heavy. He was trying to ignore his half hard cock by sleeping. He can feel the pull of sleep hazing his consciousness and then he heard Hannibal speak.

"Will, don't fear me. I want you to trust me. I will strive to give you what you need, always. You are safe with me. I hope you know this."

Hannibal knows part of the reason Will retreated to the guest bedroom was the idea of sex. He was not comfortable in having sex with him most probably because of his new parts and a number of factors including living with him and being inhuman. He steels himself to behave tonight and not scare Will. He will not impose his desires on Will. Having the boy within his arms should be enough.

Sleepily, Will answered, "I don't fear you. I never have. In fact, I just realized that I really need you. You're already giving me everything I need."

"Anything for you, my baby boy."

"I should be calling you daddy, huh," he said in jest. " You're so good to me, Daddy. You give me everything I need. You keep me warm and safe. You even brought me my bottle so I wont be hungry. "

Since Hannibal was spooning him from behind, it was impossible for Will not to feel the sudden hard erection poking his back.

His cheeks flushed and suddenly he felt hot. The daze of sleep was slipping away but the daze of lust was replacing it. His own forgotten erection was now tenting his boxers.

He closed his eyes.

Should he be teasing the monster like this?

He heard Hannibal exhale behind him and the warm breath against his bare back sent a shiver down his spine.

Yes.

"Oh, Daddy, you like that don't you. You like providing for your, *baby boy*."

“Will, don’t do this,” came a strained reply.

He should stop but…

“But Daddy, I’m sorry I’ve been bad earlier. I promise to always listen to you next time. You can… punish me, Daddy. It’s okay.”

Shit.

Will can’t stop.

He couldn’t because he’s getting himself more aroused with what he’s saying. He’s digging his own grave.

Hannibal really is like his father now. Their age difference, their physical appearance, their roles, everything fits. Hannibal always providing for him, giving him what he needs before he even knows he needs it. And with him being a new ‘hatchling’ wendigo: being very needy, clingy, hungry, always wanting to suck Hannibal for his come or his blood, he’s really like the spoiled son. All of it fits perfectly. It’s so shameful and yet it’s pushing all of the right buttons for him, ALL OF IT.

He can feel heat stirring below his navel. His heart was pounding. Him remembering images from the dream doesn’t help either.

The hard bruising grip on his hips and the haaaard wendigo cock ramming him again and again and again and again and again inside his reaaally weeeet cunt…

Will just wants to give in and stop thinking.

It’s not right—

But he wants Hannibal, really WANTS him right NOW.

No, he can’t—

FUCK, *he* ACHES for him. He’s practically leaking right now.

Don’t give in—

It will feel so good to just let go and let him take care of you.

No, please—

Will Graham will throw both of them off a cliff before he accepts that they can be together. He needs more time to fucking think because he is fucking stubborn and cannot accept happiness easily. He can’t be doing this. He should stop and move to the other room. Lock the door and wish he had his dogs wi—

Stay.

Something inside his mind shuffled. Like a new person suit presenting itself before Will's mind, one turning off and another turning on.

Ah, but Daddy's baby boy just wants to feel good. He doesn't have responsibilities and he wont be blamed if he really wants Daddy. He needs him. He's just a selfish and spoiled boy. If you don't want him, he can have daddy. All. For. Himself.

"Daddy, please do it, please. Will Graham can't right now, but *I* can," came the quick begging whine from Will.

Hannibal went still behind him as if trying to understand what he just said.

And then the sheets were off them, Hannibal's full weight was on top of him giving him a wet bruising kiss that he meets eagerly. Oh so eagerly and hungrily. Maybe as hungry as how he felt earlier but this time fueled by lust. He felt wet warm kisses on his neck and his hands dragging against his daddy's hair. He feels as if he's high. Letting go feels so, so good.

"Oh you cruel boy, you very cruel boy making daddy wait for so long. "

"I'm sorry Daddy. It wont happen again."

"You need to be taught a lesson." Hannibal greedily gives his neck open mouth kisses and bites. He then settled on his boy's nipples and sucked. He feels Will's hands roaming on his head and on his back as he used his teeth to pull on a nipple.

"Ohhhhh, it hurts, Daddy."

Hannibal hastily took off his boy's boxers, sliding it off smooth legs and throwing it somewhere across the room. He needs to see his boy naked—NOW. He then parted the boy's thighs and sucked the erect cock that greeted him. Will tastes as good as he remembered.

The boy moaned and said, "Oh yes Daddy, please, please, please, please give me more. I'm so wet."

"I know, love. You taste so good, so wet for me. I will give you exactly what you need." After a hard suck on the tip of Will's cock, Hannibal then started sucking on the tight wet opening behind his boy's balls.

Will moaned unashamedly loud.

Just feeling Hannibal's warm breath on his wet cunt was enough to send Will moaning for more. His hands twisted on the pillow above his head. His toes curled and his legs were tensed.

It feels so different from having his cock sucked. It felt… filthier as if he was leaking and needs to be filled. He craves for something to fill it up, something to be rammed in until the leaking stops.

Something bigger, please.

And oh fuck, here comes his daddy's warm tongue again lapping on his opening. The sensation of being already sticky wet and a warm tongue flicking inside and out was driving him crazy in need. It was making him crave for more.

More. More. More.

The warm breath alone and the feeling of something, someone there in between his spread legs was messing him up. He can feel Hannibal's face go deeper, his nose nudging his balls and his mouth working like he's trying to drink every bit of him. He felt strong hands spreading him wider so his daddy's tongue can flick in and out his wet hole deeper.

Yes. Deeper, daddy please.

It felt so good but he knows it won't get far. He was chasing for something, he knows something pleasurable and great and more intense than what he felt so far. For him to get it, he needs more of his daddy, something bigger and harder and hopefully quicker.

He is greedy.

He wants.

He seeks.

He begs.

He thrashes around. His head turning left and right trying to make sense of the pleasure that was edging him to completion. Unfortunately, he knows it wont come into fulfillment because it was not enough. The wet tongue fucking his hole was not enough. It felt good but it's just reaching the shallow pleasure inside of him when he knows he can have something stronger and more intense.

Not enough, not enough, not enough…

"Not enough! Daddy please give me more!" Will was crying at this point. His eyes were filled with tears, eyes glistening and wet, looking at his daddy and begging for more. How could Hannibal refuse?

His daddy added a finger with the tongue fucking his cunt. It goes in and out together. It was barely enough to meet the growing need of being filled inside him. He was going to beg for more and complain until Hannibal curled his finger inside him. The new angle made Will moan again.

So good, Daddy, more of that please.

Will was profusely sweating now as if being barbecued and he was just waiting for he big fat stick to be skewered inside him.

It feels like he's going to melt from within. It's so different from his cock getting aroused. It's not the firm hard pressure that his cock craves but something wet and hot and

new trying to spill out all through his body. Like a dam getting ready to burst and he just needs something bigger.

Daddy, why won't you give me more?

He needs something bigger, bigger, bigger, rougher, harder. He can feel it there, but he won't get it if he keeps on being licked. The tongue and the finger is not enough. He wants a cock.

It feels so fucking sinful to think of this but he is really ready to beg for a cock. Begging for his daddy's hard penis to break his hymen and take his hungry cunt—that's what he will be doing in a few seconds.

Will was sobbing. Eyes all puffy and red and really desperately begging now. "Daddy, Daaadddy, please. I want something bigger. I want you, your cock. Inside. Pleasepleaseplease. Take me. Fill me. Fuck me. "

"Hush little one. This is your punishment for being bad. Just relax."

FUCK. FUCK. FUCK. FUCK. Why did he have to be bad earlier and disobey daddy?

"I'm sorry daddy if I was bad. I will never do it again. I will always listen to you," he sniffled and continued, " Just pleaaaaase don't, don't, don't do this to me." Tears fell down his baby boy's cheeks and Hannibal gave in. Seeing Will so desperate was enough to make him come right now, but not yet because he needs to see his baby boy be delivered to his completion.

He withdrew his tongue and put in three fingers inside Will's wet cunt. He was curling it to change the angle, just how his boy wanted earlier.

Daddy, yes, just like that.

Hannibal then proceeded to roughly ram the three fingers in and out the hole as fast as he could. It was making obscene slicking sounds and Will was frozen in his ecstasy.

Daddy is so good to me, giving me more.

Will's body was arched now. He's going positively wild. Only his head and feet were touching the bed. Hannibal was kneeling in between his legs giving him not what he wanted but something equally fulfilling. Not a cock, but it was definitely rougher and bigger and quicker than a tongue.

He was moaning like a whore. He does not fucking care anymore cause he's chasing after his orgasm and Hannibal's fingers was jackhammering his hole so good. It was hitting the spot inside him that he was begging to be reached earlier. His moans and pants became simultaneous with the quick shallow force penetrating his cunt incessantly.

Daddy's fingers are so, so good.

It's getting too hot.

Is his brain inflamed again?

He can’t think, can’t form sentences, only words.

Oh—

Daddy—

Fuck—

So—

Damn—

Good—

There –

There—

AGAIN—

FUCK—

THERE—

YES—

Oh yes—

YES—

Hannibal!

Will came.

Something exploded inside of him and he saw white. He then came like a fountain, squirting water out his cunt and it landed on Hannibal’s face. His moans abruptly stopped and his body was trembling from his orgasm. He now lays on the bed, his thighs, back and neck involuntary twitching and his orgasm was rolling throughout his body for what seems like a whole minute. Will's heart was pounding, his body still trembling from the intense pleasure and then he passed out.

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Chapter End Notes

Will just passed out for a few minutes but he will be back next chapter!

Drugged

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Beautiful.

That is all Hannibal can say after witnessing his beautiful boy come from his fingers. He came soon after and released his come on his unconscious boy's smooth face. If Will were awake, he would have loved to swallow it like a baby drinking milk.

He was now nuzzling the boy in his arms after cleaning up their mess.

It was quite a spectacle watching Will's mind warring with thoughts of holding his fort of stubbornness or giving in to his desires. The hesitation was present in Will at first but as any weathered wall, it crumbled and gave in.

Will just needed a little something *extra* to help him calm down and accept their situation better. It took some time to take effect and by the time Will was done debating with himself if he should or should not give in, the medicine took effect and well, the boy followed his desires.

He was surprised, however, when Will slipped into a person suit that could acclimate better with what he wants without the accompanying guilt he likes to carry around. Will taking on the full role of his needy baby boy and him fulfilling the role of daddy to give whatever the spoiled boy wanted made him want to lose control right there and then. He wanted to take and ravage, fuck the boy senseless in his wendigo form until Will can no longer take it. But he promised himself to behave and behave he did. Will's pleasure was his priority. He will wait for his boy to make the first move.

Will just needs more of this *extra help* just to ease the edges off from his rough transition for a few days.

He ruffled the sweaty curls of Will's head.

A few minutes passed by and Will Graham came to his senses. His body felt heavy, pleasurably so. He never felt something so intense before. All his previous pathetic attempts to masturbate alone could not compare to that.

He even fucking passed out.

His muscles feel sore from being wound tight and being held tight. It felt good giving in and not thinking about consequences with no shame, no insecurities and just asking and taking what he wants.

He opened his eyes and saw Hannibal looking at him like he's the most beautiful thing in the world. That look usually annoys him but right now, it warms his heart to feel so

loved.

Daddy takes care of him so well.

He moved his head to offer his lips, asking for a kiss. Hannibal could only give in.

The kiss was sweet. Slow. Savoring the taste of each other in their mouths. It was a wet kiss full of roaming hands and soft pants.

Will was getting aroused again but he was too tired.

“Hannibal, the thing earlier… it’s...” he covered his tired eyes with his hands and sighed. What was he supposed to say? I’m sorry for acting so embarrassingly slutty but thank you for giving me such a good finger fucking? Oh and I still want to call you Daddy.

“Hush now. You think too much. You don’t need to talk about it right now if you don’t want to.”

“I don’t think you even came. I was too selfish. I didn’t want to do anything but to feel you and take from you. I didn’t know I could come like that.”

“Will, you should never feel ashamed for asking for what you want, especially from me. You should sleep now and rest.”

Will was too sleepy to argue so he closed his eyes and slept.

-0-0-0-0-0-0

The next few weeks were what you can call a— domestic bliss. He would sleep with Hannibal in their bedroom at night and if he wakes up early in the morning he gets to see Hannibal's handsome sleeping face. He would then get up quietly and go to the kitchen to start a pot of coffee and make a simple breakfast, like scrambled eggs and toast. Hannibal would tell him that it’s very delicious and would make up some insane description on how this breakfast is superior from the others he had in the past.

Will smiled knowing Hannibal lied.

If Hannibal wakes up first, he would make elaborate meals for him and then he would wash the dishes after they eat. Of course that will lead Will to become hungry for more and wanting his own special breakfast from Hannibal. He would then be sucking Hannibal off while kneeling on the kitchen counter with only his boxers on like an obedient housewife all barefoot and ready to take anything he could have from Hannibal.

Some nights Hannibal need to leave the house and run errands to the store. Sometimes he tells him he needs to go hunt. He offered to go multiple times with him but

Hannibal said it was too dangerous for him to be out with humans too soon because he might lose control. He told him that he needs more time to rest at home.

Will smiled knowing Hannibal was saying bullshit.

He was just happy and content to be stuck in the house all day and waiting for Hannibal to come home so he can smell him and maybe, fuck him—for real this time. This routine happened for a few days and then Will realized something was dead wrong.

He knows he should feel more restless. He should feel like going out, crave for fresh air and the outdoors like he did before. He should be fucking doing something with his life instead of being stuck at home like Hannibal's little pet with no will of his own.

He feels numb and content and doesn't want to think. He feels like he lacks the motivation to think and instead feels complacent in not doing anything. Robbed of strong emotions and stuck in a limbo of docile blandness was just not Will Graham.

He feels… drugged.

Yes.

That's exactly it.

He wouldn't put it past Hannibal for drugging him without telling him. He must be slipping it through the blood bottle he feeds him everyday.

Okay.

Well, that's not even the real catch in all this domestic bliss bullshit. What really frustrates Will was that Hannibal doesn't initiate any sexual contact with him. Sure they kiss, hug, touch (a lot) but Hannibal never showed any more interest in trying to get in his pants even with that one time he was practically grinding on Hannibal and he was just told to *relax* first because it's late. As if he hasn't been relaxing all day?

They never talked about the whole daddy thing but it was something he knows will happen again just the *when* is the problem. Will wanted a little more attention from Hannibal though he's getting a lot already, he wants a different kind. Then again there is a part of him saying he is being too needy and he should stop thinking too much about it.

He needs to get out. Maybe get some fresh air. Maybe he can pick up a stray dog and annoy the hell out of Hannibal.

And then two weeks after their whole domestic bliss –with no sex- routine started, Will decided not to drink the blood bottle. When Hannibal handed it to him one morning, he pretended to sip a little bit and then dumped it in the sink when Hannibal was not looking. He knows it will take him at least a few days with no raw human food before he loses control from hunger.

He's better now though. He can control it. He can at least go out on his own without disemboweling someone.

That night when Hannibal said he would be stepping out to hunt after they ate dinner, Will smiled and said ok. He was a perfect picture of an obedient little housewife. He just finished washing the dishes while wearing a warm fluffy robe that smells like Hannibal. Normally, he would read a book in the bedroom until he gets sleepy because Hannibal usually returns early in the morning. Tonight, he won't be doing that.

When Hannibal was out the door and his car was no longer on the streets, he rushed to their bedroom to get dressed. He grabbed Hannibal's black dress shirt, dress pants, a gray blazer, a watch, and black leather shoes from the walk in closet. They were all too big for him but with the belt, the shirt tucked in, and open blazer, nobody would notice but a tailor and Hannibal. He then found a few hundred dollars in cash and a credit card too in what he assumed was Hannibal's fake name, Mastema Vilkas. Sounds foreign. Fits Hannibal. He took it with him.

He then went out the doors and walked down the street full of big houses. He was half expecting the front door to not open because it was a "magic" house but then it opened like a regular door.

The neighborhood looked similar to the one in Baltimore, all big houses of rich people, but he can tell he is clearly not in Baltimore anymore. Luckily for him, the neighborhood was not far from a commercial area. He called a cab from a phone from one of the shops and waited for it.

The problem was where to go?

When the cab arrived and the cab driver asked him where to go, Will said, "Where do you think people like me would go at 9:30 at night?"

The cab driver looked at him from the rear view mirror. He took in his expensive clothes, his curly hair that's a little longer than he liked, the expensive watch on his wrists, and his young boyish face.

"Well you certainly don't look like you want to go home. Since you're taking a cab you probably want to get drunk. Your *like* would probably go to a club. I know just the place. It's a little farther than the other regular clubs in the area but I've driven a lot of your *like* down there."

"Somewhere far is good. What do you mean my *like*?"

"I've been doing this since before you were born, kid. I know what your *like* likes and where they go."

"Well then I trust your experience. That's where we're heading then."

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Chapter End Notes

Will is about to do something really stupid.

Club

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

There was no traffic this late at night and the normal hour drive to the club only took about 40 minutes. He paid the driver and was dropped off in a fancy upscale club called the Mirage. It was higher end than other clubs he has been to in the past. This part of town was very lively at night with restaurants and cafés full of people.

There was a short line and he was immediately let in. He realized he didn't have an ID to show if they were going to ask him for one but they didn't. The entrance had a crystal chandelier, lots of mirrors, dark wooden floors, and… animal printed upholsteries. It looks classy, yes, nice mix of modern and classic but the taste in decorations was a little quirky. Hannibal would like it here though this isn't exactly his crowd.

The club was getting full at this time. He waded through the crowd to the bar trying to control his senses with all the loud music, the smell of so many people, and dancing bodies trying to grind on him as he passed. He caught a couple of people eyeing him up and down, some women, majority men, and most of them older than him.

He should feel out of his comfort zone. He should feel like not meeting eye contact and he should sit in the corner with his drink and get wasted drunk like he used to do. Not tonight though.

He took a deep breath.

He can smell prey, lots of them. A mix of sweat, different perfumes, arousal, he can smell it all. He feels better now at handling all these new sensations. He can focus better and control his heightened senses without all of it assaulting him all at once. He can smell blood, flesh, and can even hear beating hearts above the noise if he concentrates enough.

He can hunt here.

His ability to empathize became better as well without him feeling losing control. He used his empathy to see what these people want to see from him and tailored himself a suit woven from those perceptions and wore it.

He went to the bar, managing to flirt with the two girls who were getting drunk there. They were young, wearing small black dresses hiking up to their crotch when they sit on the stool. He bought them drinks, laughed at their jokes, but soon he lost interest. They were all over him by then, his arms on their waist and shoulder to keep them from sitting on his lap and hanging on his neck. They were drunk and horny and though he finds them pretty, he wants no part of it. He politely said he needs to go wait for someone and left them.

He moved to the other side of the bar and managed to find a spot where he smiled at this guy in a sports shirt to get a seat. He somehow got included in the group after saying

some witty comments and got wound up in conversation with all of them. He was easily blending in with strangers like a wolf in sheep's clothing, dazzling them with stories of his job, his travels, his plans for next weekend and sealing it with his confident smile. Both men and women were looking at him with open attraction, all their eyes with a drunken glaze that easily betrays what they feel. The guy in the sports shirt kept on offering him drinks and sneaking quick glances at him when he drinks. Will can read him. The man found him attractive but would never act on it because it was his first time finding a male attractive in his life. Will smiled tenderly at the guy. He ordered shots of Patrón for the group and soon left them all with the same excuse of waiting for someone.

Some lusting eyes were following him, dismayed that he will leave and was obviously hoping to go home with him but was afraid to make a move. He can empathize with how that feels with insecurities and the familiar feeling of inadequacy stopping you from doing something you want. It feels odd to be the center of attention but in a way, it was comforting. It was similar when he used to teach; he does all the talking, eyes are all on him, but nobody talks to him and nobody focuses on him, only on what he's saying.

He was just testing what he can do. He's not hunting yet. He needs the right prey.

He moved to a more private booth of the club. A much secluded one from where he was earlier. He pretended to be drunk, leaning on the booth as if he was a little out of it. He does feel this weird sensation of being watched, like a tugging sensation behind him making him want to look for the source. He looked back behind and he didn't see anything but dancing bodies all grinding with the beat of the music they are playing.

Odd.

He brushed it off. A few minutes later, a man slipped on the empty booth right in front of him. He was a man around his age, in his forties—no, not the age he looks right now. The stranger had a straight Italian nose, cropped black hair, goatee, and was wearing a nice suit. Not as nice as Hannibal's but more decent than the others he has seen so far.

This stranger is a smooth talker and kept asking questions like, is this seat taken, are you alone, would you like more to drink? He later learns this man's name is George and he is very interested in taking him home tonight and fuck him. Of course, George didn't say that word per word but that's the reason for all the flirting going on. He doesn't even need to empathize with the man to know what he wanted.

Perfect.

Will leaned a little forward on the coffee table showing vulnerability and signs of drunkenness. He stared intently at George's eyes, projecting feelings of just how horny he was and much he really needed to be touched and to be fucked senseless tonight. He swayed a little bit in his seat, laughing a little too much at unfunny jokes, touches the other's shoulder tenderly, flirting until he can almost taste the arousal on the other's skin. When George was suggesting to go home with him, he stood up and said no while murmuring an apology.

He went outside the bar alone and was waiting for a few minutes by the street pretending to wait for a taxi. Sure enough, George came outside and he was looking for Will.

The man grabbed his arm and kissed him, begging him for at least his number. Without a number to give, Will soon found himself inside George's BMW in the underground parking lot and was giving the man's cock a few pumps.

He needed a snack.

He knows he shouldn't be doing this but he needs to feel something right now. He's been in a daze from the drug for the past few weeks and he just needs this hunger, this excitement of doing something he shouldn't be doing *and* with the full knowledge of it. He feels excited like he's doing something very naughty.

Hannibal will not like this. Ah, but he doesn't care. It's not as if Hannibal said anything about being in an exclusive relationship. Hannibal surely fucked someone in the past 4 years while he was sleeping without him knowing. So what if he sucks a stranger he just met? He is just feeding.

Will bent over and then sucked the other's cock. He became really good at it after getting a lot of practice from Hannibal. He made it really wet first with his saliva until it makes loud slicking sounds whenever he moves his head in and out. The man's hands twisted in his hair and thrusts his hips upward sending the cock deep in Will's throat. George soon came in his mouth and Will swallowed. It wasn't as tasty as Hannibal's and he thinks this man's kidneys and internal organs would taste better.

The man eagerly drove on after that to take Will to his home. He grips Will tightly on his thighs and occasionally rubbing his erection.

Will was hard. He got drunk from the smell of the stranger's arousal and this shows by the tent in his pants. During a red light, George opened his zipper and was stroking him slowly.

Will can't take it anymore. "Stop. Park here."

"What, you gotta puke?"

"Just park here by the side of the road."

"What? I can't. We'll be at my house in 20 minutes. It's so damn dark outside. Just hold on."

Will gripped the man's hand holding the steering wheel and said, " Just stop here. I want to fuck now. Outside."

The man's frowning face became a lecherous grin. "Oh I knew you were crazy when I first saw you. How can I be so lucky tonight?"

They were in a less developed part of town with smaller one-floor buildings and rundown shops. They were now far away from the city hub and were closer to the suburbs. The man parked the car in the parking lot of an abandoned restaurant. The only light came from a distant street lamp from across the main road they passed by. Will looked around,

sensing no one within the area this late at night. By the look of this place and the windows all boarded up, the whole commercial area of shops were closed down—permanently.

This will do.

The man stalked to him as he walked further down the dark alley at the side of the building hidden from the road.

“Hey, wait up. You think you can run away? ”

Will’s back was pushed to the wall and he was kissed again. He accepted the kiss, running his hands on the man’s neck and was debating if he should kill him right now or maybe he can fuck him first. Maybe he will let this man fuck him, let him inside where Hannibal’s own cock has never even been to yet.

He then starts to question himself. He doesn’t know what he’s doing. Why did he go along with this man? What was he trying to achieve? To prove himself that he can hunt on his own? To prove that he’s not a fragile teacup like Hannibal was making him to be, all drugged and snuggled inside his house?

“You look so damn sweet looking all serious and drunk. You like doing it outside eh? Well I can fuck you here all night.”

Will was unmoving, letting this stranger he just met take his clothes off and kiss his mouth, his neck, squeeze his cock, touch him in places only Hannibal has touched before.

He doesn’t care. No, he doesn’t.

He was soon standing naked in the dark alley and the man was roughly grinding up against him with hands firmly squeezing his ass.

He feels filthy.

“You feel it right? Feel my cock brushing up on yours. I can tell you were a little cock-sucking slut when I saw you. But don't worry, your ass will feel so good.”

Will grunts as the man squeezed his half hard erection roughly. He was not actively participating anymore just standing there, letting the man grind down on him.

“I bet you don’t want lube, huh. You don’t want to fuck in a house but you want to fuck out here. You want it dirty and rough. I bet you’re the type that wants pain.”

“No.” *Not from something like you. I want something terrible. I want the terrible one.*

“Oh sweet boy, it’s too late to say no. Can't back out now. You shouldn't have made yourself so drunk you're wobbling on your feet. You will be so happy you came with me.”

Something ticked inside Will’s head. This man called him *boy*. He fucking called him *boy*.

NOBODY FUCKING CALLS HIM BOY.

Only his Daddy can call him that.

Next thing he knows he was strangling the man's neck with a black-clawed hand and his eyes bled to an animalistic color yellow. He squeezed tighter and he felt the man's neck break.

He let go and the limp body fell on the floor. He then crouched on all fours and bit George's —this corpse's— jugular and bit hard until the arteries and veins were torn and was spurting the warm blood that he oh so craved.

He didn't drink the blood bottle this morning. He was thirsty. He needs this more than sex right now. This man was right, oh so right in saying he will not regret coming with him tonight.

After he had his fill of blood, he ripped open the lower abdomen, plucked out the liver and then ate it. It tasted so good marinated with the alcohol the man drank earlier than night. Hannibal did say he could start with the soft organs first. He feels alive and yes, aroused too.

But he needs to dispose of this body first. And maybe he can get home before Hannibal gets home and finds out he went out. He can pretend this never happened.

Chapter End Notes

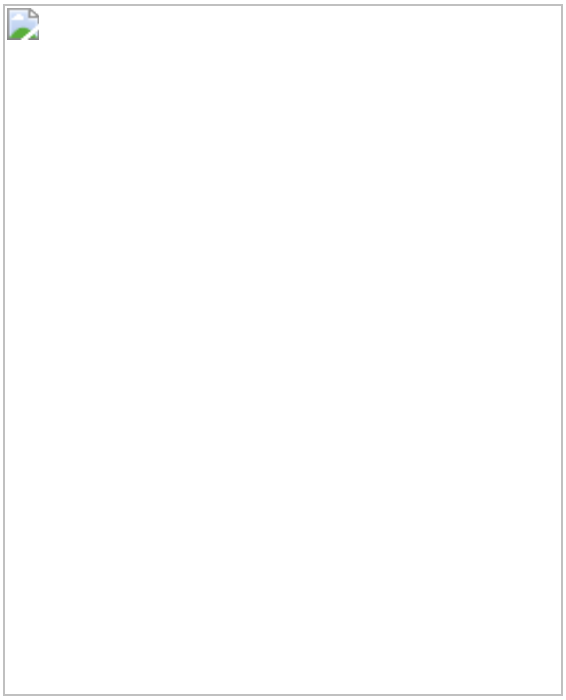
Expect a jealous and furious Hannibal next chapter. :)

Abducted

Chapter Notes

I lied. Hannibal won't be in this chapter yet. I'm sure he's still very furious and jealous though.

See the end of the chapter for more notes



Will wiped the splattered blood on his skin on his victim's clothes. At least his own clothes were not stained with blood. He could imagine Hannibal giving him a displeased look if he finds out he made such a mess outside. Oh but he doesn't want to think about Hannibal right now. He'll deal with him once he is back home, although, some part of him wants to get home late because he wants to see Hannibal jealous and angry with him.

Yes.

He felt a rush of blood on his cheeks as the image of a very jealous and possessive Hannibal entered his mind. Making Hannibal jealous is the real purpose of this little outing. He wants him jealous and finally fuck him for real. Georgey Porgy here was right afterall. He wants it dirty, and rough. He wants pain and he wants it only from Hannibal. Except there's no time to fantasize now, he needs to take care of this body first.

Focus.

Like water pouring in a glass, his mind filled with a purpose of disposing the body. Wearing another serial killer's mindset like a pair of finely tailored clothes. He went to work.

He dressed and then dragged the dead body to the BMW's compartment, careful not to leave blood tracks. He's got quite a lot of ideas how to dispose the body thanks to all the serial killers in his head. The problem was he needs the time to do most of them and he doesn't have that. He's not in the mood to display art or dig a grave tonight either. He doesn't care if they find the body as long as it cannot be identified or traced to him of course.

As he drove by the suburbs, he realized that it's trash day tomorrow. All of the houses had their black trash carts out.

Great.

He stopped by about 10 different residential houses, apartments, and some commercial dumpsters to dispose the body parts in regular plastic bags. Thanks to his strength, he had no problem breaking bones and butchering the body to make it fit the bags. Somebody in the waste management center will have a field day and he imagines the sad cop assigned to question a neighborhood of house owners why they found a human leg in their trash.

He smiled.

He misses Hannibal. It's just been a few hours but he misses him.

However, he doesn't want to go home because going home means facing Hannibal. Even if he goes home before him and he scrubs up until all the smell of blood and stranger's sweat on him were gone, he's quite positive that Hannibal would find out. Instead of jealousy, he fears he might see rejection instead.

No, he needs to stop thinking about this right now. He's not done yet. He instead thinks of where to dispose the car with its bloody compartment.

He found the perfect location as he was driving around the quiet rural neighborhood close to the wine country. He left the BMW inside the garage of one of the abandoned farmhouses he drove by. He can tell that no one has been living in it for years because it was abandoned or foreclosed. The location was perfect too because he's sure there are no nosy neighbors close by who could see or hear what he's doing there this late at night.

Will made sure everything was wiped clean of any prints in the car and took off the license plate and smashed the emblem and car make. He then found a sack of dirt behind the shed of the farmhouse and used it to soak up the blood in the compartment. He scattered some dirt mix inside the car as well and opened the sunroof to further make it hard to discover any evidence. By the end of all that work, Will was tired already. He usually sleeps around 12-16 hours a day and after eating, he gets really tired. With all this work and this late at night—3am— this early in the morning, he's ready to sleep. Hannibal is already at home for sure.

Shit.

He imagines what would happen if he didn't leave. He would be sleeping on the soft warm bed that they share. He imagines the way he just needs to breathe in the sheets and pillow to feel comfort because it all smells like Hannibal. When Hannibal comes home, he will feel a kiss on his forehead, the quiet shuffling of sheets, a dip on the bed, and then a warm body that curls behind to spoon him. Those nights feel good because it means Hannibal will sleep in with him and they wake sometime before noon the next day.

He just wants to curl up in a bed and sleep but he's stranded now without a car and without a phone. He's really tired. He has a few options, use his senses and run towards the home like he did before (he's too tired), run to the next commercial area and call a taxi wherever that it is (where?)… unless somebody could give him a ride there.

That sounds like less work and less moving. He likes it.

He had to wait for a few minutes until a car passes by. He waved his hands in the middle of the road and the black pick-up truck stopped. He quickly went to the driver side to talk to the driver, huddling in his gray blazer (without a shirt inside cause it was stained with too much blood) and his dirt covered pants. He looked at the driver and he looks young, someone in their mid 20's and wearing a baseball cap on. The car also had a parking permit sticker in their front windshield from a local university. He's a student.

He tried his best to look harmless, which was not hard to do despite probably having dirt on his face. In fact, the dirt could possibly aid him in getting a ride. He opened his empathy and used it to come up with the best persona that will make his story more believable.

With his arms up in a surrender position, he talked to the driver in a friendly but blunt manner that most kids these days seem to have.

"Look, I know I look suspicious and there are countless of movies you see in TV about hitchhikers and murderers and serial killers and all those shit –" the car rolled forward threatening to drive away as he talked.

"No, no, no don't go. I just need your phone. I mean, not to take your phone— just, can you call me a cab or something? I lost my phone when we went drinking earlier. C'mon, please I'm freezing out here." He looked more desperate now by holding on the driver side mirror in a futile effort to not make the car drive away.

"I'm sorry, I can't help you I really need to go," came a curt reply from the driver.

"C'mon man, don't leave me here. You don't even need to give me a lift or—or don't even hand me your phone, just please call me a cab, please? I don't even know where I am. My friends left me here in the middle of who knows where after we went out drinking. They think it's fucking funny to abandon me here. Please help? You're like the fourth person I tried to flag down and you're the only one who stopped to even talk to me."

"You look like you had a rough night."

“You bet. My friends are all assholes for pulling this off. I bet they posted fucking pictures online too.”

“Yeah, well if they did that to me I won’t call them ‘friends’ anymore.”

“I know, right? They suck. So you gonna help me? C’mon man, please?” Will bit his lips.

The man looked at him and was trying to decide if he is worth the trouble. Will gave his best face to make himself look innocent and in need but not too desperate. What the driver saw was an attractive man with big blue eyes, pretty lips and long curly hair, wearing a designer suit with no shirt inside. Like a model was told to roll on the dirt for a photo shoot at night and he’s now batting his long eyelashes to ride in his car.

He’s buying it.

“You know what, fine. Your friends suck. I’ll drop you off to the nearest open store. There’s a 24-hour Denny’s and a motel a few miles up ahead. At least you can call the cab and wait there and not here in the middle of nowhere.”

“Aww, thanks man. You’re a lifesaver,” he beamed his best relieved smile. “ I promise you I’m not a serial killer or anything and I won’t do anything weird. Ah, but I do have to say sorry in advance for the dirt on my shoes and clothes.”

“The dirt’s no problem. And dude, you don’t look like a serial killer anyway. You look more like a… lost puppy. Hop in. ”

He made small talk to the man, as they drove. He was correct in assuming the man was a student and then he also learned he is a part-time worker coming home from a graveyard shift. He can tell the man’s heart was beating fast as they talked. Will smiled, asking questions and paying close attention to the man as he drove and tells him stuff as if in a flutter.

As tired as Will was, he’s curious about how other people see him. This was his first time really experimenting with his empathy like this as his change honed not only his senses and his body, but also his empathy. The people in the club were an exception because they were drunk and act less inhibited, this particular man however, was not drunk and his responses were more genuine. Honest.

He was good at empathizing with serial killers, but he never really empathized with normal people. He shuts them away. Now that his instincts consider humans as prey and he’s been hanging around with only Hannibal ever since he got changed, he never really got the chance to explore how his heightened senses could paint a more vivid picture for his empathy.

Sure he can read them but he finds their motives and actions hard to understand at times most especially when it comes to him and how they see him. He knows the hows, but the whys often confuse him. Perhaps it was one of the reason why he did not instantly know

Hannibal was the Chesapeake Ripper. Hannibal's actions were almost always revolving him that the doctor managed to crawl into the blind spot of his empathy and toy with him.

Will wants to understand just how much of his ability to empathize grew. He can see the man glancing at him from the mirror as he was telling him some random story. The guy's talkativeness and treating him like a friend was due to him trying to mask how worried he was for picking up a stranger. Yes, that's normal but there's something else.

Will bit his lips. He should test it out.

Will told a short story (a lie) of why he was left behind by his friends there in the middle of the night. He told him he was drunk and he was giving one of his friends a blowjob and when the other friend wanted one too, he refused. The man visibly blushed and his ears turned red.

His empathy tells him that the guy got aroused and was imagining lips–the one he keeps on biting— sucking his cock. There was hesitation mixed in there, some self-doubt on why he wants a man to suck him off when he's not even gay, and lots of arousal. The guy also thinks he's very handsome and even prettier than the girls he used to date so there's no problem if he imagines him sucking his cock.

But *why* was Will's question. Did the change give him some kind of ability to make people more attracted to him? He thinks about Hannibal and how he's usually the center of attention. Was it because he's like Hannibal now or was it just plainly because of his appearance? He's beginning to think that his view of himself is not accurate. Is that why he has holes in his ability to empathize because he cannot understand how other people view him?

Like the man wearing the sports shirt in the club, he found him attractive despite him knowing that he has never been attracted to other men before. Ok, well he now has some extra female parts and he looks younger but it's not as if they know that.

The man stopped talking after his little story and was driving quietly, heart still beating fast. He was still throwing glances at him if not more so than before.

It took them about 30 minutes to get to the place where he was to be dropped off because of the small winding road they drove by. The man parked in front of the 24-hour restaurant and then their eyes met. Will tilted his head, bit his lips again, and leaned over to the guy to give him a kiss. The guy hesitated but then responded. It took Will about 1 minute to convince the man to let him suck him off and less than 5 to get the man off.

Well, he did need another snack after all the work he did.

He was surprised how fast this man was willing to be sucked off when he suggested it. Of course, he was blushing all the way and didn't know what to do but he was eager for Will to do it, he was so damn hard. Will leaned forward in the car and kissed the man tasting like menthol candy. He kissed him and then looked at his eyes, an innocent kid. He won't die tonight, killing him and disposing yet another body was too much hassle.

He then told the guy to move the seat further back so he can suck him off. He opened the zipper and licked the man's hard erection. The man was gripping hard on the armrest and on the steering wheel, moaning his pleasure out. It took him a few sucks and pumps and the man was already coming down his throat. He then said thanks for the ride, and then got off the car even before the man could recover from his orgasm.

Will was so tired and sleepy by then but at least he was full. Stressed and tired, he decided the best way to deal with how he feels was to get a room in the motel using the credit card that he got from Hannibal.

He needs an ID for Mastema Vilkas but he explained to the receptionist that his wallet was missing when he went drinking earlier and badly needs a room. It's amazing how much he can get away with a smile, his empathy, and explaining you're drunk and need a room at 4 am in the morning. It also helped that he was winking and flirting with the woman to get her to do her job poorly, and it worked.

He walked away quickly to his room after the key was handed to him.

He wants to forget everything that happened tonight. He wants to just curl up in a bed and sleep. It would be so much better if he could curl up with the smell of Hannibal surrounding him but after tonight, sleeping is his priority. He will maybe call Hannibal tomorrow to pick him up but then, he doesn't even know Hannibal's phone number.

Will opened the door to his room. The room was ok and doesn't look fancy or anything. He could be sleeping in a palace right now and it would look all the same to him. As tired as he was, he decided to take a shower before going to bed. As soon as he crawled under the sheets and his body hit the bed, he was fast asleep.

///

Will was dreaming. He got shot on his thighs and then he heard voices, strangers' voices. There were maybe 3, no, 4 of them.

"That was easy. I thought it would be more dangerous."

"We are so lucky."

"Well who would have thought we would get one this easy and so pretty and young too."

"Do another one just to be safe."

"But he might not—"

"Do it!"

He heard another click of a gun and then felt a sharp sting on his back. It hurts but it was not a bullet. The last thing he heard that he could understand was someone saying, “We caught the hatchling.” Deep sleep was pulling him once again. He then lost the dream.

Chapter End Notes

It will go downhill from here.

Mind Break

Chapter Summary

Taken, tied, and trapped, movement restricted, senses blocked, his independence gone, he is very much fucked.

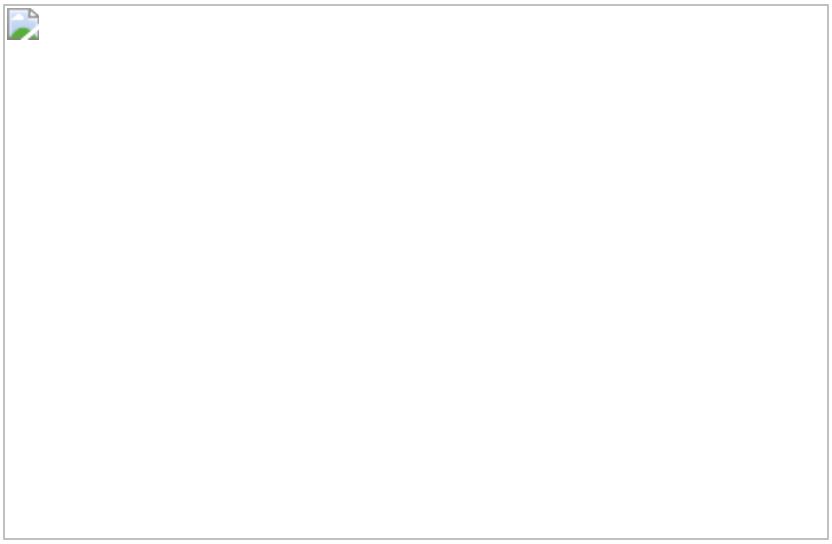
Chapter Notes

Please skip this chapter if you do not want to read the following:
BONDAGE
GANGBANG
NON-CON
RAPE
MONSTER SEX
ORCS
This chapter is just filth.
Watched too much hentai.

EDIT 1/27/17 - I wrote the next chapter so that if you skip this one, you won't miss anything but the pain and agony in this chapter.

This chapter is EXPLICIT.

See the end of the chapter for more notes



A few hours later, Will woke up and he can't open his eyes. He was blindfolded, his hands were bound, his mouth was gagged, and his feet were tied and spread apart. His neck aches when he tried to lift his head. His head was pounding as if his skull was ready to jump out. He can't see, can't move, can't speak, can't smell anything but cigarette smoke, and can't hear anything but his own heart beating loudly in his ears.

His mouth was gagged with a ball with holes in it so he can breathe through. He can feel his own drool dripping down his chin but can't wipe it. This little fact that he can't wipe his own face right now felt like a heavy brick on his head making him realize just what kind of shit he's in.

Fear crept up his spine, true genuine fear. One that makes your spine feel cold and your stomach twist and fold.

He needs air.

He breathed hard through the ball gag in his mouth. About the only thing he can do right now is to breathe, breathe the stale suffocating air that only reminds him that he's captured in a small room, his prison. Taken, tied, and trapped, movement restricted, senses blocked, his independence gone, he is very much fucked.

He can feel the bite of the rope on his wrists pulling it above his head and his back leaning on a cold wall. He was sitting down on what feels like a bed and his ankles were tied in a spread-eagle position across the bed. He can feel the still stale air on his skin and against the tightly tied ropes that bind him.

He's naked.

Bare, prone, defenseless, a victim of his carelessness, and his foolish need for independence. Naked he may be in this situation; he will not let this get to him.

Whoever tied him up must know just what he is and what he has down there. He doesn't want to think what will happen to him but he knows it already. It gave him this twisting fear inside him telling him that he might just get what he was asking from Hannibal but this time, given to him by strangers.

No, don't think of that.

His mind was defeating him right now, supplying him with countless images of dead victims he had seen in the past. He once thought thinking was good, but not if you're thinking how many hundred ways you can be messed up by your captors. Thinking is one of the things he can do freely right now and he better use it to his advantage.

He needs to get out, become free and go back to the path he strayed away from. He needs to be with Hannibal and not away from him. Hannibal is safety. He is warmth and comfort. Under the terrible one's shadow, he was safe.

He tried to use his senses to get more information but he couldn't. The warped edge of panic was creeping inside him, threatening to spill and override his calmness. He tries to contain it inside himself but he fears it will not hold.

Calm down.

He hears his heart thumping loudly against his ears.

Think first. Making sense of the situation is the logical thing to do. Thinking will help him strengthen his mind to build a fort. He knows what's coming and he needs to be prepared.

His ragged breathing through the ball gag was like thunder in the silence.

He then remembered a previous conversation with Hannibal about his sister that got murdered. How can a wendigo who was so much stronger than humans be murdered? Ah, Hannibal did say she died young… a young wendigo just like him.

It was also possible that someone were targeting them. Perhaps there are others out there hunting inhuman creatures, hunters like the one Chiyoh used to have as a prisoner?

He once had asked Hannibal if there were any fairies, fairy godmothers or other magical creatures –mockingly— and then he foolishly told Hannibal not to answer the question because he had a headache. He was too caught up wrapping his head around the stupid magic house and the four years he spent healing that he did not ask actual important questions about just what wendigos are and what does it mean to be one.

He is a fool.

He needs to get out of here fast.

Dying in this pathetic place is not an option.

He needs to go back home, back to Hannibal.

He tried to forcefully pull the restraints on his feet and hands, but it was tied tight and won't budge no matter how hard he pulls or squirms around. He thought about shifting his hands into claws and cut the ropes but then he does not know how to shift by command. It always just comes out.

Yes, he's a fool indeed.

Instead of freeing himself, his struggling alerted his captors that he is now awake. He heard a heavy door open and several footsteps came in. With eyes still blindfolded, he cannot tell how many people there were.

He stilled his struggling, calmed his heart.

"Oh look, our pretty little cub is awake. So how ya feeling? Our special tranqs would normally kill a human. Two were shot at ya. Means ya very sturdy and very much not human," said the old man's raspy voice.

Will did not move. He felt the bed dipped low, someone big and heavy was on his left side edging closer to him. A strong cloying smell of tobacco smoke and something putrid wafts up his nose and it was almost enough to make him choke. He breathed through his mouth but it was worse because now he can taste it instead. The man came closer to him and he just squeezed his already blindfolded eyes shut.

He can feel the foreign and uninvited presence invading his space as the man nuzzled his neck, scenting him. It made him shiver, in a very, very disgusted way. He tried to stay still and not give any reaction.

He will not give in.

"Ya smell so sweet, like a fertile young bitch. Seeing ya have both parts, it explains it," the man whispered at his ears and his hair was roughly yanked to the right so he can expose his neck better.

"How much did you eat tonight? How many did you seduce so you can eat their cum? Ya must be such a slut, ya have the smell of so many men on you. Fucked them all did ya and sucked them off after? You're too young to even know how to properly kill or shift! Oh yes, ya can even take four of us at this rate. Fill up all yer holes. It will feel good," a lecherous laugh came that Will felt on his neck and made the hairs on his back bristle in unspoken and deeply guarded distress. He will not show what he's feeling. Silence is the best form of resistance he can do right now.

The stranger's rough hand dragged down his abdomen.

He flinched—so much for not showing weakness.

The man laughed and the smell of his breath was horrible. The rough hand continued down to his thighs and soon it was slowly pumping his cock. He steels himself by pulling up all the defenses in his mind. He will get out of here and this will not affect him. Hannibal will

save him. This mantra kept repeating in his mind, trying to strengthen his resolve in order to steel his body.

His fort is built, his will strong, and he will get out of here.

He felt the bed dip again, the man on his left positioned himself in between his open legs. He felt two hands spread him open and then felt the warm breath on his slit. Not being able to see just made his sense of touch stronger, fueling his revulsion further.

He was being licked roughly and the man's beard was creating friction on his labia.

He feels absolutely foul.

Filthy.

He closed his eyes in disbelief, trying to ignore the wet sensation of a tongue licking him. It would have felt good if it was Hannibal and not this stranger. He feels like trash and all his sense of worth were reduced to a mere object for sex.

It was nothing like what he felt before when Hannibal did it. When it was done with caring hands and the warm touch of a man he feels comfort from. His Daddy giving him what he needed to keep him comfortable. The same Daddy he ran away from because he was too spoiled, selfish and self-centered. Now he finds himself in this situation.

This, what *this* stranger was doing to him was just an act to violate him, to break him, to steal what was not freely given. A few minutes passed and no matter how hard he was licked or sucked, he was not getting wet or erect. He feels like crying but no, he wont give that to them.

"Oh not feeling it? Well ya have to cause you are ours now. Whoever had ya before was stupid to throw you away. How else did ya even get away without even a fucking claim mark? Why else would a cub like ya be hunting around all alone if ya were not thrown away or yer maker's dead? Ya can't even shift."

He only has himself to blame.

He was being licked again. This feeling was absolutely the worst because it was overriding what Hannibal has done. Something was being stolen from him again and again. This act of stealing continues and he can't do anything but spread his legs open and feel the invading tongue lick him wet. He can feel his body betraying him. His mind built forts that his body will soon destroy. The act of pleasure that he felt from Hannibal became tainted and became an act of filth.

He let out a grunt as he was licked roughly.

"Aww don't like this? But this is what yer baby-making hole is for. Ya were made to be fucked. In case yer maker died and didn't educate ya, I will tell ya just what ya are. Hatchlings, fledglings, cubs, they are the newly turned, freshly bitten humans. It doesn't matter what kind made ya, as long as ya are one, ya are good for breeding and training

because yer not able to shift yet. Ya only rely on yer maker or yer elders. Non-human creatures like us, ya see, are very rare now. We all live long, our seeds rarely take and we kill each other off. We need things like ya."

Somebody from across the room murmured something and he didn't quite hear what it was. The man in between his legs stopped licking him and the bed dipped again. Another person was sitting on his right. He can feel body heat and smell arousal.

The man was talking to the other person. "Hand it over. Good." After a few seconds, the first man continued, "See here, we will have fun tonight. This pretty colored drug here will make ya more... enthusiastic so ya can enjoy yourself better. We're not so bad are we? We'll take care of ya, our pretty little cub. We won't be done until a few hours. Ya will be carrying our young soon. "

He shook his head.

He hates drugs. He does not want to be drugged. He's been drugged up half his life because of his 'condition.' He doesn't like to be cowed into acting how others want him to act. Not from Hannibal, and most especially not from this stranger.

His resolve was all for nothing if they give him a drug to chemically manipulate his body and alter his hold in his mind. He tried to resist against his restraints but it was futile. His can feel wetness on his blindfold, soaking up tears he didn't want to shed.

He felt the prick of the injection in his femoral artery.

He knows he just lost.

So he finds himself drugged yet again. Wander too close, you're fucked, wander too far and you're still fucked. But then Hannibal would never do something terrible like this to him.

He was left alone for a few minutes or was it hours? His head lolling down on his chest. Soon, those few minutes might as well turn into forever because he feels this instant warmth deep down in his groin. It was like a heavy flaring pressure down his lower abdomen. He felt blood rush up his cock so fast it hurts.

His mind was getting cloudy, heavy, and loose. He can understand little that was happening and his body was moving on base sexual instinct. The nerves in his body twitch, like a railroad map of sensation sparking it's way through his body to keep him aroused.

The bed dipped.

He feels hands on him, plenty of hands, all roaming his skin.

He was breathing hard now.

He feels hot.

Sweat slicked his skin.

Something entered his asshole. Something wet, a finger that keeps on scissoring it's way inside him.

And then there was another moist mouth on his cunt.

Oh shit.

He feels wet.

So wet, so wet, so wet.

He's being licked.

He needs to be filled by a cock.

NOW.

He needs to be filled.

Somebody fill him up, please.

He doesn't make sense.

He feels somebody stroking his erect cock.

Thinking doesn't make sense.

Just stop thinking.

He's coming.

He's coming.

His senses were going amok. He can't understand what's happening. He can feel so much but understands so little of it. A mouth, no, two mouths one on his slit, another on his cock now. Intense pleasure, one that was forced and makes your eyes roll up your head akin to a drug addict getting high. He was floating on a fire pit in hell where multiple hands were clawing him open trying to get a piece of him.

It smells weird.

He didn't feel skin from the other men anymore; he felt something leathery and furry against his skin. He heard animalistic sounds, a roar, a grunt, a snort.

Snickering sounds.

Slapping sounds on his skin.

Talking sounds, he can't understand what they were saying someone was moaning too loud. They were all pulling, scissoring, pumping, pinching, licking, all over him all at once. He was still blindfolded and cannot see.

Hands, hands everywhere, smearing sweat against his skin. He can feel the rope burn on his wrists and ankles as he struggles.

Sucking noises, licking noises, slurping noises.

And then this loud electronic sound—brrrrrrrrr.

He felt something big breach his asshole.

It hurts.

He heard a muffled scream.

It was wet, cold, no now it's warm and the machine entered in and out his anus. He can feel it vibrate against his inner pelvis sending vibrations all through his body. It feels like his stomach is vibrating.

In and out, in and out.

Yes, it goes in and out.

He feels so hot like a furnace was burning inside him.

Another whirring machine was inserted in his wet cunt. It slid inside him with ease because he was so wet, leaking even after the gooey saliva was left in there. He can feel the two vibrators mixing his insides up from both holes as his cock was being pumped.

He heard laughing.

Can feel the vibrations on the thin walls separating his anus from his vagina. He can feel it both stirring inside him, no, churning inside him.

Churn, churn, churn.

Swirl and Turn.

Churn some more.

He's sweating.

He's coming again.

He's convulsing, matching the vibrating things inside both his holes, squeezing them tight until he bore it out his hole.

He can hear grunts and loud moaning and realized it was coming from his own mouth. He was no longer gagged. And then he could not moan anymore because a thick cock slid through his mouth while big hands held his head tight as his face was fucked with abandon. He felt like there was an earthquake. The world was shaking because the hands

holding his head kept on going back and forth, shaking his head to let the thick cock slide down his throat.

Take it, take it, take it.

He's choking.

He can't breathe.

He's going insane.

His mind is breaking.

It's too hot.

Hot, hot, hot.

He's overheating like a machine, like an engine. He knows engines, he fixes engines and they go brrrrrrrrrrr like the things inside him. But he's broken so he lays limp against his restraints. Mind break.

Brrrrrrr.

His position changed, the rope tying his hand to the ceiling was cut loose but his hands were still tied together.

He was now on all fours like an animal and he was going to be fucked worse than one.

Now the vibrating things were gone and it was replaced with thick huge cocks. He feels the girth pushing through his ring of muscle, filling up his anus. The second fat cock entered his wet cunt from below. He is being filled to the brim.

He feels like his belly is full. It will soon be.

Something was behind him, he can feel slick skin and panting.

Someone was below him, he can smell the stench off the man-thing.

They started moving and seesawing his lower region.

In and out, in and out.

One in his cunt, another in the ass.

It goes in and out.

His mouth was then filled again with a cock, his head held tight in a lock. And hands were roaming all over his body, his cock was hard again already.

He’s like a carnival attraction where everybody takes a ride. Come one, come all, his holes and cock are available for all. They go in and out, in and out, he goes up and down, up and down.

There were too many sensations, too many bodies grinding on him all at once. His body was being tattered. His hips were moving in different directions, his cock was being pumped, his mouth was being fucked, his mind was cracking. Mind break.

He’s been here for hours, forever buoying on cocks in a sea of heat and fire. Floating on them, like the wound man but this time skewered with cocks.

A fivesome spit roast.

He’s the roast and he’s the fire.

He’s burning up, he doesn’t care.

Tick-tock, tick-tock, can’t draw a clock.

Tick-tock, tick tock, suck that cock.

Crack, crack, the teacup dropped.

Let the drool flow, take it deep to the balls.

Suck it, and let yourself be fucked.

His face was being slapped with a cock in his mouth.

Slap, slap, slap.

Hurt him more. He deserves punishment. Hurt him more.

He can hear loud rumbling laughter and jeers and eager sucking noises.

Slurp it and suck it.

It was coming from him.

Slick, slick, his cunt leaks.

Squeak, squeak, squeak, his anus bleeds.

He can hear moaning and grunting from 4 different… things riding and grinding on him. He can hear his own moan against the cock going down his throat.

He was positively going insane.

Insane is good.

Yes, insane is great.

Harder, Yes! Break his body, break his mind.

Fuck him, fuck him, fuck the hatchling.

Impregnate him.

To let your empathy loose is insanity.

He was empathizing with these monsters fucking him.

Can feel himself being fucked and fucking himself.

Yes, they want to impregnate him.

No, he doesn't want that.

He is squeezing their cocks.

No, he shouldn't.

Just stop thinking.

Oh but they will fuck him until he's swelling with their child-thing.

The intensity of the man's face fucking and holding his head increased. His throat was being grinded on. Rough, very rough.

The man came in down his throat and he was fed. As he swallowed thick gulps of cum, he never felt more revolted at himself for swallowing.

A fortunate thing happened and his blindfold came loose from the hard face-fucking grip. He had to adjust his eyes from being able to see light. He tried to clear his vision and blinked a few times while he was being fucked still.

His eyes went wide

When he can see the *things* that were fucking him, he wanted to scream but his throat was so sore. He wanted to cry. No, tears were falling down his eyes already. It was like somebody poured cold water on him and he woke up from the drug. It had been hours since he was injected and he just fed. And then he realized the disgusting truth.

They're not human.

NOT human.

The things that were fucking him have skins with the color of mud, puke, dirt, and shit. No, he doesn't know what they are, except they are truly disgusting monsters, huge and looming over him. They had weird pointy ears, a pig-like snout and tiny tusks. This explains their foul smell.

He can see their fat inhuman cocks entering his wet and bloody holes, can see their hands roaming his skin, pumping his cock, and licking his chest. He can feel the push inside of him, those huge rods of flesh alternating inside of him. If they come inside him, he doesn't know what to do. No, he doesn't want to get pregnant. He cannot even bare to think about being pregnant. He knows the mechanics of having a vagina but it never really sunk in his head that he could possibly become pregnant.

He can feel the thrusts becoming quicker. They are close and were about to come inside him. Inside where their seeds could possibly take root and make him pregnant. There are 4 of them, and who knows how many more outside the door. They will all take turns to use him. No.

NO! He tried to resist now and the monsters held his hips tighter, and pulled his hands against the bed. They were grunting louder, the thrusts became more frantic. He tried to twist away but he can't with three monsters holding them down and another pumping his cock. The grunts were becoming louder and then a final deep thrust went in and he felt warm liquid spill inside his ass, another deep thrust and he felt warm come inside his cunt. He fell forward on the bed when the hands restraining him let go.

He felt defeated. Wasted.

He wanted to scream but his throat hurts so much he could not talk.

He lay motionless on the mattress with four orcs laughing at him. He's tired after hours of being fucked. They were all around the bed now, at least not on top of him or restraining him. They were looking at him and saying how they are not done with him yet. This is just day 1.

One of the monsters was not yet done coming yet and it positioned itself in front of Will's face. Thick yellowish cum spilled on his face and on his sweat damped hair, as he lay there motionless. It was disgusting. He is disgusting.

The things were all laughing now and snorting at him, taunting him to lick the come he loved so much off his face.

Will was shaking. Yes, he was shaking because it was not from fear but from anger.

Chapter End Notes

Will needs some love and a morning after pill.
Poor Will. 3

Darkness

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will was a bad boy for running away. He did not listen to his maker and even had the gall to go outside the real world with no means to defend himself. He just went outside with no protection at all, spreading the sweet smell of his young and fertile pheromones to anyone that he comes contact to.

Normally, one would be able to mask their own pheromones and preternatural presence, but since Will doesn't know any better, he walked outside smelling like sweet fruit ripe for the picking.

Like any baby, he needs guidance to crawl first before he can walk, but because our dear Will Graham was overconfident and likes to do things his way, he walked outside on his own without his daddy and got himself in big trouble.

He cannot even control how to shift at will, and did not even have fangs to effectively hunt. He was a baby who was dependent on sucking liquids and consuming soft parts from his prey. He did not know what was out there and what being a hatchling truly meant.

His daddy may very well be the strongest monster out there, but he was weak, innocent, and definitely not ready to hunt on his own in the wild for many will—and did—take advantage of him. It was just the way of the monsters.

And as all bad little cubs that stray from the pack and curious little fishes that go into the open ocean, he got in trouble. They did say that the fastest way to learn is from experience.

He was kidnapped by four monsters that happened to have smelled his pheromones while he was out that night. He was tied up, used and abused by all four of them for a day.

Now we find Will lying on the mattress covered in his shame as they are laughing at how pathetic he is. He felt the thick yellowish cum drip down his cheeks to the mattress as he tried to sit up, pain shooting all throughout his body. A stinging sensation from both his abused holes made him flinch and quickly grabbed on to the bed for support. His muscles feel heavy still from the after effects of the drug.

His captors formed a semi-circle around the bed and were sneering at him lasciviously. They were making bets whose turn it was to cum inside him so he will be impregnated sooner.

Will ignored them as best as he could.

He tried to sit up straighter, his back to the orcs. He moved and can feel warm liquid sliding out from his cunt, wetting the bed he was sitting on. He saw it on the sheets and it was color yellowish-white come mixed with red. He bled from being fucked hard.

He closed his eyes.

He wanted to scream yet again but couldn't because his throat was so sore from the inside as if it was scraped thoroughly—it was indeed.

The others saw the come dripping down his hole and the jeers continued.

One of the orcs pushed him down, his head on the bed and his ass on the air. Something was plugged inside him. It was cold and hard. He felt the initial sting from his anus as it entered and another plug entered his cunt.

"Ya can't have all the seeds leak out. Ya have to keep it in. This'll help ya, "the green colored orc told him. He recognized the familiar voice. It came from the ugliest and oldest from the four monsters. He was clearly the leader.

Will's tears fell again.

He did not want to cry but he felt weak in his fury. He needs to at least give in to the shame he feels and let his tears go. If he doesn't cave in a little bit, the forts in his mind will fall without the help of drugs. He needs to give in his tears in exchange of keeping his mind.

Hannibal will come for him. He will. He must know he's in danger somehow.

The orcs that captured him believed that he was fully broken in and tamed. They did not know how resilient Will is. He will not break and he will find all and every opportunity to escape and keep himself together until Hannibal comes for him.

Laughing continued as they looked at both his plugged holes. They were still congratulating themselves for catching a defenseless little hatchling that cannot shift and doesn't have a maker.

Except, they're dead wrong.

Will was not only a hatchling, he was reborn with a true wendigo heart. A heart that equals Hannibal's in every way, a heart and body of a wendigo and not of someone just turned into one. He was reborn from Hannibal's sister.

For in Hannibal's pure bloodline lies great power and mana honed for generations befitting a king even for inhuman creatures. Will just needs to know it exists within him and call it out. He knows the monster, the physical appearance of Hannibal in his wendigo form, but he has not seen the pure power that lies beneath.

He does not believe in magic—the mana he possesses, however, he can feel it fluttering inside him like the fog hovering in his head when he first woke up. Can feel it like the ocean waves he swam in during his youth in New Orleans. The same waves were now also lapping on the shores of his consciousness making itself known. It had always been there around him, in his dreams, in his very being.

It was the waves of darkness.

The same darkness that wrapped around him and brought him nightmares for years, but it was also the only thing he found comfort in. Hannibal's hold was the black space that engulfs him at night. He is the terrible one that he needs. The madness that torments him and the salvation he did not know he was yearning for. But this wave of darkness laying dormant inside him was similar to Hannibal's, yes, but something entirely his own.

It needs time to wake up.

He needs to buy time and fight or else he will never have the chance if they drug and tie him up again. The fear of being drugged for days kept him going, willing himself to act now and take his chances to give this bubbling feeling inside him time to fully awaken.

Will used what little energy he had left to move as fast as his inhuman abilities could allow and used his bare hands to pierce through the mud colored orc's stomach. His hands sunk deep within the cavity and then he pulled out.

Blood drenched the floor as the blood came pouring. Even as orcs, their anatomy is not much different from humans when it comes to their internal organs but it seems his blow was not a fatal one. The mud orc stumbled backwards while another one tried to grab him.

He evaded and rounded the bed. He then picked up the dildo they used on him earlier from the floor and plunged it deep into the gray one's eye sockets. The orc screamed.

Before the orc could take it off his eyes, Will turned it on and dug it in deeper. The dildo was now vibrating and churning the thing's ruptured eyeball and brain. He made sure to use his strength to ram it down the eye socket deep enough to reach the inside of the skull.

Before he can celebrate sweet vengeance, one of the orcs grabbed him and threw him at the wall. He no longer had the advantage of surprise after they saw what he did. He evaded a punch and tried to use his speed to get a hit in but it was no use. The orc lunged at him, pinning him on the wall using its weight and size to overpower him.

He doesn’t want to feel it so close to his body again.

It was disgusting. He can remember the smell of this one as it keeps on fucking his face. He kicked the orc in the balls so he can free himself and moved to the farthest wall.

The green colored orc came back through the door holding a tranquilizer gun. Will evaded two darts that was shot at him but the third one got him on his arm.

This will not stop him.

Adrenaline pumps in his blood.

He will get out of here.

Before the tranqs could spread, he used his teeth to bite off a chunk of his arm where the dart hit. His blood was dripping down his left arm.

He will not go down now.

He evaded another dart and took cover behind the mattress. He was breathing hard. The crouch made the plugs inside him hurt. He took them out from his holes, ignoring vehemently the possibility of becoming pregnant. That was a problem for another day—if he could escape today.

He looked back from behind the bed, one of the monsters was twitching on the floor with a dildo still churning away inside its skull, one leaning on the wall with a hole through its stomach, another with hopefully cracked balls, and one with a tranq gun.

This is the best chance he will get to escape. He knows there is a big possibility that there are more orcs outside the door, but if he managed to kill at least a few of them, he could at least say he did not go down without a fight. He'll be a happy dead man after that.

He needs to kill them to get out of here.

He needs to hold on for Hannibal. He needs him. He is hoping right now—praying even— and this hope comes in the form of darkness threatening to spill inside him.

It was swelling up reaching the boiling point. He knows it is within him and he just needs to understand and call it out. He needs to reach in and—

Will felt two darts hit him from behind and he was tackled down to the floor. He did not resist and let the heavy weight smother him to the ground.

He doesn’t have any energy left. He is exhausted.

How unfortunate that he needs to experience such trauma and pain before discovering something within himself. To call it out, he needs to be in Hannibal’s shoes. He just needs to let go of his forts and defenses and Hannibal’s darkness will flow through him.

Let the darkness engulf you.

He let himself calm down even with the heavy weight of the orc behind him. He blocked the taunts and the physical sensations. It made the shame go away, made the pain go away.

It's peaceful inside the darkness. It surrounded him like the cool embrace of the sea that drowned him before, but this time he is in control.

He can feel the power surging inside him fueled by anger. A cold and controlled anger, not one of instinct like that of his wendigo.

No.

This was calm, collected, and controlled combined with his own cunning. It was Hannibal, it was him, it was him becoming Hannibal. They started to blur. He was wearing not the person suit, but the raw innate darkness within.

He felt loose limbed. The orc tying his hands behind his back was saying something but he did not catch what it was about. He was forced to stand up and he was not cooperating. Someone said that they should shoot him with more tranquilizers because he still had some fight in him. The green orc was still standing by the door and then fired the tranquilizer gun at him again.

He felt something surge out inside him like a dam finally breaking and letting his mana gush out. It flowed out like cool black water surrounding him.

This time, the dart did not hit him because it was deflected by his mana. He was able to repel the darts. Another burst of energy shot out from him and the orc that was holding him got thrown off a few feet away. He was easily able to break free of the ropes that bind his hands behind his back.

Barely standing and still bleeding, Will turned his head to look at them all. What they saw were pitch black eyes glittering in the dim light.

Will's eyes turned full black showing a bottomless pit of darkness that was an intrinsic part of him. His own darkness channeled into the surface and made to submit to him. His body did not physically shift into his wendigo form, but he was able to tap into the power held within himself as a titled creature of the night.

The air inside the room changed and felt charged. It feels like the ocean waves of darkness lapping around him, surrounding him not to harm, but to protect.

Another orc tried to grab him and then a tendril of magic that moved like water without gravity shot out from him and hit his assailant. The force slammed into the orc, sending it crashing back to the wall. Two other tendrils shot out and hit the other orcs who were staring at him unbelievingly.

He now holds the upper hand.

It was impossible for creatures, even if inhuman, to possess powers as such and could only be found in the oldest and most powerful lines. Hannibal's lineage is pure. They are creatures not only of flesh, but also of things unseen, of things unfathomed and ideas formed in darkness.

They were the *dark*.

It was still hard for him to stand up or even walk even with the power surging around him. He stood up straighter anyway and leaned on the wall closest to the bed. The three orcs were now on the opposite side of the room where they were thrown back. The black tendril floated around them like water restraining them securely to the wall.

Will can control it.

He can feel it like another appendage, floating away from his body and doing his bidding. It was fluid and moving like tongues of water floating in air. He can feel the darkness like the cold soothing waves of water eager to follow what he bids it. He feels he's going deeper and deeper.

He looked on without emotion, just cold black eyes looking at his prey and deciding how to finish them.

With his power surging out of him, he can feel a tug, a connection, to Hannibal… It was such a weird connection because it came with feelings, not his own attached… to his… brother?

Brother?

He can see himself in Mischa's shoes, he can feel the inseparable link between them siblings, between maker and hatchling, between the soul devourer and the devoured.

He saw glimpses of Mischa's memories. There was a snowstorm. She was captured by monsters and was suffering a similar fate as he had now but she did not survive. The memory warped and then he saw Hannibal's version of the memories. He saw a younger Hannibal desperately trying to revive her. Her body was too young and fragile even for a wendigo and she was captured and murdered. Hannibal was holding Mischa's limbless torso, plucked out her heart, and preserved it. Tears fell down young Hannibal's eyes and it froze because of the cold.

He feels so angry and gritted his teeth. This was not his anger. It was raw and immense and he cannot control it.

Will lashed out and the black tendrils that bind one of the orcs became tighter and tighter until it broke skin and the orc's body bursts. Blood, guts and viscera flowed out.

He feels anger.

COLD.

It was so cold.

It was not his.

It was Hannibal's.

Hannibal saw him in their connection that he opened. Hannibal's anger was too immense.

He can't close the connection.

He feels lost inside Hannibal's head.

It was too dark.

It was too strong and he feels them blur.

Hannibal is his father, his brother, his maker, his lover, his downfall and his salvation all rolled into one.

He is everything he needs. He would give just about anything to see Hannibal again and be within his arms.

His dark mana flared as if it was roaring to go once again. A spectacle indeed to see Will wielding such power around his person. The others stood in their restraints, awestruck in what they have caught and who now caught them. They indeed caught and violated someone very precious and dangerous.

With so much power flowing within him, he can't focus. He feels like he's being pulled deep into the depths too fast before he can keep himself afloat.

He was both locked in a cell with the orcs and outside in the snowstorm in his head all at once. His knees buckled and he knelt on the floor. He saw an older Hannibal this time, still outside in the snow as he used power to kill one of Mischa's murderers.

Hannibal's eyes were full on pitch black like his without any white sclera showing. He could feel the darkness and ominous presence from Hannibal in this memory. With a flick of his fingers, the skin of Mischa's murderer folded inside out as if acid was poured and the man was slowly being burned with his consciousness still intact.

He saw the skin burn, crawling like an infection all throughout the body slowly, the red muscles folded out next as a continuous piercing scream from the man was ringing in his ears. He watched the man die in excruciating pain.

He knows what to do now. Hannibal showed him.

He felt his hands move and the same thing happened to one of the orcs restrained on the wall. The small room was filled with squeals as the skin folded inwards and burned slowly. The orc was disintegrating in front of his very eyes.

The skin burned away, then the red muscle, the bones, and then it spread slowly to the torso where it eats away the unnecessary organs. The screaming stopped somewhere in the

middle. Then the fold creeps up until the heart can be seen behind the ribcage and has nothing to deliver blood to and it stops beating.

Three were dead and the green one remained.

This one, this one he will not kill *yet.* It was the moss colored orc that was the first to violate him, the one who gave him the drug and came inside him. This one he will leave alive… but not unscathed. The orc was wide eyed and said, "It can't be. Shit. You're one of *them*."

Will's face was calm, calculating. Will was defiled and yet in every thrust that he received inside his body, every unwelcome hands that caressed his skin, it only served to prove that they were trying to violate someone that can never be theirs.

He bid the dark tendrils that restrained the green orc to tighten and pulled off a leg so it wont be able to run. The orc screamed and blood flowed down from the empty socket of his hip joint. He has a plan for this orc but not now because he felt some kind of commotion from the floors above.

Will felt something shatter or explode from above. Wherever he was, something, someone was trying to get in. Harming the green orc weakened the barrier making him think that he was perhaps somewhere like Hannibal's magic house.

His feet moved without him realizing it. He was moving toward the door.

It was locked but he used the black mana around him to cut the door open. He needs to go on the right path, the beautiful path, where the terrible one is. He can feel him. Hannibal is close. He can feel his body calling out to the other.

He stepped outside to what looks like a huge basement. He was still naked and grabbed a blanket that was draped on a corner. No one else was in the basement but he can feel some presence above. When he went up the stairs and opened the door, he saw two orcs in human form carrying rifles. Before they could even move to stop him, he made them burst with his mana and made it rain blood. He side stepped the mess and continued to head towards the path, the *right* path, towards the terrible one.

He needs to go to him. He is walking towards Hannibal as if being pulled by some invisible line, very similar on how he found Hannibal's house even miles away when he just woke up.

He killed two in the hallway leading to the wide spaced warehouse on the ground level, maybe half a dozen more before that. He doesn't care about his surroundings. He could have killed innocent humans, he does not care, all he knows is that he will eliminate anyone he sees who is stopping him from him continuing his path.

He can feel them now both moving in unison to come closer together. He feels nervous, excited and exhausted all at once. His mana is draining his energy but the mere thought of getting to see Hannibal again fuels him to run on empty. His feet moving one foot

in front of the other determined to keep on moving until he reaches *him*. He is so tired the tranqs must be kicking in, finally.

It was the smell that hit him first, the strong smell of blood and something burning. When he turned the corner, he saw Hannibal out there in the open surrounded by multiple dead bodies and even more assailants who he was singlehandedly killing with his bare hands.

Will stood there watching with awe, unable to move. He was so happy and relieved, the thought of dying doesn't sound so bad now that he got to see Hannibal.

As the last of Hannibal's attacker's fell, their first eye contact felt electric as if the chaos around them does not matter.

Finally, he is home again.

He then heard two gunshot sounds and was instantly worried about Hannibal. When he tried to step closer to Hannibal, he realized the blanket that he wrapped around him was becoming wet with blood. He got shot. Will stumbled and was about to fall but then the next thing he knows, he was in Hannibal's arms.

He closed his eyes and then smiled, welcoming the darkness.

Chapter End Notes

Hannibal is 100% in the next chapter. No more pain. Maybe.

Roots

Chapter Notes

> Sorry for the late chapter. The Superbowl, Grammys, Valentines day, and getting Joanne Tour tickets occupied majority of my writing time.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal is not a rash person. Every move and every expression on his face was planned and had a desired effect; all decisions had an alternative to mitigate failure. He only ever acted rashly when it involves Will because he could never expect what his boy would do.

Will remains to be an unsolved mystery even for Hannibal—no matter how deep they are connected. When it comes to Will, all his calm indifference in most things become overridden by his obsession for the boy. They are so alike and yet so different that to be with the other is a constant challenge most especially for him.

The boy, just being himself was already a surprise. The thoughts that raced through his mind as he saw Will enveloped in dark mana –unmistakable power that can only be passed through his pure bloodline— was phenomenal. It was darkness that felt like cool water, refreshing and salty like the breeze that comes from the sea. He was truly not alone anymore. His happiness was cut short when he saw his dear boy got shot and was wobbling on his feet.

He came closer and caught Will before he fell. Hannibal embraced him tightly and carried him to the side of a tree where they were shielded from the shooter's field of vision. He looked back to check his surroundings. More orcs were emerging from the den under the warehouse. Before he can assess how many were there, another bullet hit the tree a few inches from his head.

Will was not safe here.

Blood was soaking the blanket wrapped around Will and it was making his grip slip. He looked at the bullet wounds; one went through the upper back and another through the right lumbar region. The shots were clean. It was not fatal and with Will's enhanced body, such wounds inflicted by metal would take but a few days to fully heal. He did his best to try and stop it from bleeding.

He blames himself for being too preoccupied with work and not paying more close attention to Will and his needs. He knew Will went out on his own to go off in an *adventure* in defiance against him and as a way to experiment with his new abilities. The boy simply did not know how dangerous it was for a vulnerable hatchling to go out alone. He became prey for creatures he had not even known existed.

He infiltrated the orc den in anger, determined to retrieve his William. It took him a while to penetrate the wards without unleashing the full force of his powers. The link connecting them goes both ways and if Will could feel a tug pulling him to his maker, he can feel an equal pull from his baby boy. This connection helped him sense where Will was. Well, it was also fortunate that he can track him through the expenses in his credit card—Will was buying everybody drinks.

He knows Will fed on humans last night, it is in their nature afterall, the very root of who they are is to hunt and eat their human prey. All wendigos have their own specific way in which they hunt. They have a natural predisposition to be more charming or in Will's case, be more attractive in order to hunt effectively. He had a feeling that Will's version is some form of charm and seduction. He knows such a combination would be both a blessing and a curse for Will as a young hatchling because he was not able to control his hunger let alone his power. His newfound power in seduction will be a burden for someone like Will who doesn't even know how attractive he is.

Feeding on humans was definitely in their nature but it would be a lie to say that he likes Will doing it (without him). He followed the trail his adventurous hatchling left and only when he smelled the disgusting smell of orcs in the motel room and saw a discarded tranquilizer feather did he realize that his boy was abducted and not simply wandering around.

His connection with Will was hazy for a few hours after and he used his time to dispose of Will's more obvious trails while locating the orc den. It was only when he passed through the wards that he felt Will and his new found mana calling to him like a homing beacon. Will is now in his arms and he is relieved. However, the bullet wounds are but a small matter compared to what he now sees.

The state of Will's body was concerning, but then this concerned gaze disappeared and a dark expression replaced it. He realized that Will was naked and smelled of… *things,* disgusting *things* he wanted nowhere near his boy. The very reason why he wanted Will to stay in the house happened.

He smelled sweat, come, and saliva on him. He saw the rope burns on Will's hands and ankles, bruises, swollen lips, and the bite wound on his arm. He saw an outline of handprints on Will's smooth hips and even bite marks near his genitalia.

He clenched his teeth hard. He absolutely feels livid and at the same time he feels so incompetent.

He never imagined anyone, most especially orcs, would dare harm Will like this. Such low and vile creatures were mostly used as peons during wars of old because of their bulk size, thick skin, and quick healing speed. To see them now overstepping their bounds is disgusting.

Losing Will is about the only thing that can strike such a strong reaction in his cold ancient heart. In a time like this when he holds his bleeding boy, hurt and abused within his arms, this fuels him with a fury so cold that even the darkness within him freezes. To now smell the disgusting orc stench on his boy was enough. This transgression will earn them all

hell and forfeiture of their existence. He does not care what becomes of this place, treaties and court politics be damned. He does not care about the centuries he spent living isolated and laying low from the fey.

Rash is something Hannibal became when his anger took a hold of him. He took a deep breath, exhaled, and released his mana. His mana that is as old as lore and as powerful and boundless as the elements of nature for destruction.

The lock in his mind for it felt like ancient cogs that creaked inside his head, carefully unraveling and waking up the darkness from its sleeping form. It will wake again from its deep slumber and will take the empty spot it left void. He has been away for centuries that these orcs— and even the rest of the fey creatures— could not remember why the *darkness* should be feared.

There was no gentle transition of twilight to turn day into night. He felt his body thrum with an energy he has not felt for such a long time. It left a tingling ebb through him as his mana spilled out on the ground like creeping roots that brings forth darkness. The darkness spread like a plague that ate the existing light from his surroundings bringing with it a cold deadly fog that crept low on the ground. It smells like earth when it is humid and rain that has yet to fall.

He was once known as the Darkness, the terrible one that brings dangers and fear on both mortals and immortals alike. He has not used his power in an offensive manner in centuries, right before he self-exiled himself from the fey world and chose to wear a person suit instead with the mortals.

His mana spread like ravenous roots of an old tree burrowing underground, and establishing its hold for it to grow. It covered the ground taking the mist and light devouring darkness on its wake. This will be a new era that will ensure nobody will forget why he should be feared. Why they should never ever harm Will.

The dead orc bodies he left on the ground became the blood that whets the beginning appetite of his mana. The shooters on the roof fell like dead birds as the flicker of life they had was slowly consumed. The orcs sent to look for them became trapped in the roots, as the very air they breathed became poison to their lungs.

No one can escape his wrath.

You can only cower in fear and hope the night fades into day, that the darkness will lose interest in you and pray it will not linger. Unfortunate for them that this is not the case and he will not cease until it devours everyone. He would ravage the world for Will and he will start here.

The roots dug deeper, seeking out all living orcs and human alike deep down the underground levels of the den. He can feel it move like fingers in his hands, stalking all the living creatures below.

Being rude earns you death, harming what's his will earn you and all your kin agony for an eternity. He felt orcs of all kinds and humans from below: soldier orcs, humans,

pregnant human women, and even orc-human halflings. This is a den afterall, a stronghold for orcs where they keep their women and young.

All of them shall perish tonight for his darkness does not discriminate regardless of age or their current predicament. He bid it to feed and the roots came out from its hiding and fed on the living by paralyzing them and feeding on their life force. He felt this deep hunger inside himself sated as the roots fed. He can feel the power rise, his thirst being quenched. It has been too long.

As he let his powers spread eating away the life below, he felt a different aura in one of the chambers below. It was a power similar to his own, but a different… flavor. It was Will's. The power was thick within the room and an orc was bound there with mana. It feels so wonderful to feel another *darkness*. He smiled proudly at the sleeping Will for providing the perfect centerpiece.

It was the middle of the afternoon but it looked like midnight with how quiet and dark it was. Light was devoured and the only noise that can be heard was the groaning noises of orcs as their life source was sucked away. The roots were now becoming thicker and taller, becoming less mana and more tangible and permanent.

Thick black roots sprouted up from the ground, twisting and writhing as if it breathes —and it does. The roots sucked the life source from the beings below, slowly stealing its prey's life. It will keep them all alive as long as it can until they are but an empty husk of their former selves. If their prey was immortal, then they will live as a prisoner of the tree forever. Life is such a pure source of mana and all the lives he consumed will empower both of them.

Power throbbed through the roots and it twisted and writhed until it formed an immense black trunk with leafless spiny branches sprouting overhead. It was as big as a building. The warehouse caved in as an intricate patchwork of roots like a mangrove forest of black spiny antlers broke through the roof.

Hannibal felt full. He has never felt this full in centuries.

This tree is a symbol of vengeance and a threat to those who dare cross them. He knows this is all not over and more trouble will come. The tree continued to pulse and shift until a thick root slithered like a snake that ate a giant meal produced the orc that Will restrained.

He saw a hideous green orc that looks dead from the roots feeding on him but Hannibal knows that this one is an immortal one. Most probably one of the old ones left when mana was abundant in the land and not dwindling like it is now. This orc shall be sentenced eternal damnation to live forever and yet dying inside the tree, to have his life source be constantly sucked away the moment it becomes replenished. Death would be a mercy but this one will have none of that.

Will stirred in his arms. Hannibal's mana flowed through him and recharged him. For Will, the darkness was not something to fear but to welcome and call home. Hannibal saw

Will open his beautifully lashed eyes and stare at him with wonder. He felt so full of love to be in the receiving end of that gaze. He then felt a hand caress his cheek.

"You came."

"Of course I did. Always. I hope you would forgive me for coming late."

Will scooted closer to Hannibal, resting his head on a broad chest. "It wasn't your fault. I am happy that you are here now. " Will sat up and he noticed the orc intertwined in the tree. "I see that you found that thing. I should have killed him but then I wanted you to have him. He… I want him to suffer. I want you to make him suffer," he whispered with intensity in his eyes.

Hannibal feels his heart warm up by the request. He would give anything the boy wants. "And he shall. This one is one of the elder immortal orcs. He will live his life in limbo of constantly dying. His life force will be the tree's sustenance for an eternity together with the rest of his kind. No one is left here but us and the living tree."

"It's beautiful. This tree, it looks magnificent. It feels so alive and powerful. It throbs with your power." Will looked up in wonder. They were under a canopy of the tree; black obsidian branches with luminescent red veins go through it as if pulsing with blood. Tiny red glowing orbs was now falling on them like petals as if celebrating with them. The tree was done growing and was telling them thank you for feeding it. It was a sight to behold. This scene would be a nightmare for some, but for them, it is beautiful and peaceful.

Will felt safe. After holding on for so long trying not to cry, he burrowed his face against Hannibal's shirt and cried. He let his tears go. He was so afraid, so terrified. He did his best to hold on while he was captured. He didn't want to break down in front of the enemies. Now that he was alone with Hannibal, he felt so relieved and yet he still fears.

This moment reminded him of the time they were on the cliff. So much relief and understanding and yet Will was warring inside. He knows all this comfort and warmth might not be his anymore when Hannibal finds out what happened to him. He was raped and used. His holes, his body, the sweat on his skin, the blood in between his legs, the come that slicked his inside, it all came back to him and he felt filthy. He suddenly let go of Hannibal and huddled inside the thin blanket. He was shaking now. He fears what will Hannibal say to him.

Hannibal tried to embrace him but he scooted farther away. He feels worthless. He can never be with Hannibal like this. All used and stained, worn out and abused. Hannibal doesn't deserve trash. Not being human scared him, being fucked against his will scared him, but the thought of Hannibal casting him away terrifies him more.

What if he becomes pregnant? What if the horrifying green orc that is inside the tree is the father of the thing he will be carrying? He is so afraid. He didn't mean for all of this to happen.

With tears on his eyes and a hoarse voice, Will said," I'm sorry for going outside without telling you. I didn't mean for all of this to happen. I just wanted to go outside. But

now… now I might become… I don't know what will happen to me now Hannibal. I feel so… scared." Will rubbed his eyes with his hands as he sobbed.

Hannibal knows what Will was feeling and he can't help but think how adorable a crying Will is. He moved closer to but did not touch him. Just a comforting presence that tells him he is safe and he will not leave him. "Will, I want you to know that there is nothing in this world that will ever make me not want you. As you may have felt through our connection, I was full of anger and darkness and this carried out for centuries. Those were long empty years of darkness. You, my dear boy are the stars I want to hang up in the dark sky, so high that nobody could reach you. You are my moon, the beautiful moon that brightens up the night. Even though you wax and wane just as you might want solitude from time to time, I know you will always come back to me. I just want to assure you that everything will be fine."

Will was still hugging his knees and was just listening to Hannibal. "It's not that, Hannibal. I feel so wretched. I'm afraid, so afraid that you will not want me anymore, that you will reject me when you find out. "

"I will tell you again, nothing will ever make me not want you. No matter what will or already had happened."

"Hannibal, I'm..." He looked at Hannibal and tears fell again. "I'm afraid I will become pregnant. I, I don't want to be pregnant with that thing as the father. I don't want you to feel disgusted that I am used already, that they came inside me and they were… fucking me like a tied animal down there. That I was…" Will sobbed hard and Hannibal tried again to put his hands around him but Will shrugged it off.

"I will love you all the same no matter what. Besides, you are too young to even become pregnant, my dear boy. You are worrying for nothing. You are a hatchling, a baby. When I call you a baby, that's because you really are one. Do not be afraid to need too much, I am here to provide everything you need. You are my baby boy and always will be. "

Will's eyes opened up like saucers, still glistening from the tears he shed. "Are you sure?"

"Yes. You have not even passed puberty yet in wendigo years. Don't worry too much and I would appreciate it if you now let me embrace you. No matter what happened to you, you are still you and I will always want you."

Big doubtful eyes stared at him but Will soon moved into his open arms and did not say anything. He just melted in his embrace and took the warmth and comfort he craved.

"You have to realize that you are no longer living in the time span that humans live in. Human morality does not apply to our kind. You were reborn and will now be living a much longer life than you thought. I hope you will be spending that long life with me. "

Will settled in the embrace and said, "I don't think I can go too far without you let alone survive. I can't bare it as if a rope kept pulling me back to you. It's all thanks to you

that I'm even here. I can smell you right now and you smell like… family." Reluctantly, he added, "I am sorry for going out without telling you."

Hannibal laid his hand on chocolate curls and stroked it lovingly. "You are my everything now. Believe that what I want is truly the best for you. I do not wish distrust to be a wedge between us yet again. "

"All these half-truths always stopped me, stopped us form moving forward. No more withholding information. What are they? What else are out there? What will happen to me now?"

"Fey are inhuman creatures that possess mana that could range from monsters to the fairy like sidhe. We are fey, specifically wendigos that possess the power of the night. Your specific kind of darkness is of water. And as you can see from this tree, mine is of earth and air. To answer the question that you asked a few weeks back, yes, fairies exists and they are called the sidhe.

Will looked up at Hannibal hearing what he is saying but not quite caring at the moment. He feels too tired to care too much. He likes the way Hannibal's voice rumbles as he leans on his chest.

Hannibal smiled and continued, "Do not worry too much on the details. Your mind was always something delicate and fragile that I found exquisite. I did not want to let you endure such stress simultaneously with the physical changes you were going through. I was also preoccupied with other things that I have neglected what you feel. I have underestimated you and now we find ourselves yet again in a cycle. Please forgive me."

Will moved forward and placed both his hands on Hannibal's neck. He stared deep in Hannibal's full black eyes twinkling with mana. The information feels less important now. He feels like he is holding on to the sun. So much glorious power emanating off of Hannibal that makes him feel so safe. He gave Hannibal a chaste kiss on the lips, which Hannibal received eagerly. Apology accepted even if this was really all his fault.

Hannibal feels so happy now but he knows that it is not over yet. More troublesome creatures will come and it is better to face this head on than let this drag out.

He consoled himself knowing that Will healed so much faster now. He is surprised to see Will moving about after mere minutes from being shot. Even as a wendigo and for other immortal fey, healing this quick was quite unprecedented. Even if you don't die as quick with grave wounds, however, it doesn't mean it will heal on the spot and would take at least a few hours to a day to fully heal. This miraculous healing ability is not something that is attributed with wendigos. He knows for he tried to heal the human Will but it did not work at first. This power is more common with the lower fey… like orcs. He now wonders how Will's already potent ability of empathy will be affected.

It seems Will's power is a mystery just like his unpredictable character. This makes him question just what can Will do. It was unheard of for a hatchling to carry the powers of their makers as if they were not human before but a pure born wendigo. Will was able to

penetrate his own mind's defenses, was able to see his memories and even Mischa's memories as well. He is so unpredictable. Only his William can make him this proud.

"You are such a remarkable boy. You being able to handle your own mana is so wonderful. It is a mark of a true wendigo."

"I did not know what to do back then. I felt you and I felt this warm power inside of me. You guided me to escape," Will sighed and continued, "I find myself further from the human sensibilities I held on to for a lifetime. I lost years, I lost my age and gained youth. I lost my humanity but then I gained you."

"You are my love. A concept I have not considered feeling ever again since my family died. It left me in a cold and dark place for far too long. And then I found you and your little lighthouse amidst the darkness. You are now my family. I am proud of you. But as proud as I am, you have to keep your powers hidden. Don't use it not unless it is absolutely necessary. You will need all the advantage you can get."

"Alright. Can we go home now?" Will murmured against his neck. He was getting drowsy again.

"We eventually will my sweet boy, but I am afraid it is not over yet. I do not believe you were found and kidnapped by the orcs by mere coincidence. It is not within their abilities to be so cunning. Others undoubtedly aided them and I will find out who. We will have visitors soon. Remember, you must keep your promise. Don't show them your powers. You will be learning more about the world we now live in first hand and it is as unpleasant as it can be."

"Who are they? Why are they coming here?"

"They are sidhe from the Unseelie Court from which I used to belong to. I released enough mana to kill off all the orcs that it would be impossible to miss even with their dwindling powers. They are outside the ward and are trying to come in. They will be here soon, remember your promise and don't be haughty."

Will frowned again. He just wants to go home, take a bath and cuddle with Hannibal. He's had enough adventure for the day but it seems it's not over yet.

Chapter End Notes

Some magical sex next chapter! FINALLY!

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